ASTRONOMY AND METEOROLOGY

BY WALTER H. SMITH, MONTREAL,
President of the Astro-Meteorological Association. Author of "Smith's Planetary Almanac and Weather Guide;" "Lunar Influence on Vegetation"; "Vennor's Almanac for 1885"; formerly Associate Editor of "Vennor's Weather Bulletin" and "Almanac."

CALENDAR.

Thursday, October 14—Sun rises 6.15, sets 5.17.
Friday, 15—Saturn 00° from the sun.
Saturday, 16—Ridley and Latimer martyred, 1555.
Sunday, 17th—Seventeenth after Trinity.
Monday, 18—St. Luke.
Tuesday, 19—John Adams born, 1735.
Wednesday, 20th—Moon at last quarter, 8.40 m.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Week ending Wednesday, Oct. 20th: is likely to open generally cloudy, changing to wet and windy; high winds in sections, with dashing rains heavy in the Western States and Western Canada—Cold, sleety and rainy, according to locality—Fine—Cool, with local frosts frosts and scattered showers.

For the week ending Wednesday, Oct. 27: Showers in sections—Generally fine weather, warm for the season—Fall like change, with wind, cold weather, rains South, sleet and snow North.

AN UNUSUAL display of auroral streamers was noticed over the Gulf of St. Lawrence on Oct. 9th. Pilots who witnessed it declare the display to have been the brightest for forty years. It lasted from 10 until midnight.

ONE OF THE LEADING men in charge of the recent sports at St. Hyacinthe called on me to choose a fine day for the sports. I selected Friday last. The day was beautifully fine and warm.

A CONTINUOUS BOMBARDMENT of the earth as most of my readers know, is continually going on owing to the myriads of shooting stars that fall. So frequent are these bodies that a western scientist considered the sun's heat maintained simply by his perpetual bombardment. But few who are quite aware of the fact of this perpetual bombardment of the earth are acquainted with the fact that in the Pacific ocean, between Tahiti and Honolulu, at a depth of 2,350 fathoms, a vast layer of cosmic dust is said to exist. Impalpable as it falls on the land and becomes mixed with other substances, the sea admits of its accumulation until after innumerable centuries a wonderful story of continual accumulation of meteoric matter is told.

SEPTEMBER 1886, at Montreal gave a mean temperature of 57° 33′ or below the average mean for the past 12 years, which is 58° 88′. The greatest heat was 82° 7′ on the 8th; greatest cold 34° 5′ on the 22nd a range of 48° 2′. The highest barometer reading was 30.400 on the 3rd, lowest, 29,622, on the 10th. An aurora was observed on the 20th, a lunar halo on the 15th and thunderstorms on two days. The first frost injurious to tender plants occurred on the 22nd.

TWO SMALL COMETS have recently made their appearance, one in the Northern, the other in the Southern heavens. That in the Southern constellation was discovered by FINLAY at the Cape observatory, and is believed by Boos of Albany to be a reappearance of one of De Vico's periodical comets, one of which is supposed to return every 5½ and the other every 73½ years. The telegrams do not state which comet is meant, but it is no doubt the one of short period. It is moving still farther South, and is therefore of small interest to observers here. Not so that discovered by BARNARD at Nashville on Oct. 5th and 6th, which is described as then pretty bright and moving North-east. At its discovery the celestial stranger was in the constellation Leo, Right Ascension 10 hours, 38 min., 5 sec. Declination North 9° 15′. This places it in the morning sky before sunrise.

A MONTH OF EARTHQUAKES.

A full record of shocks experienced at Charleston from the beginning of the trouble on August 27th up to and including September 30th is of interest. It is as follows:—

Aug. 27..................1 shock, slight
28..................1 shock, slight
31..................5 shocks, destructive
Sept. 1..................3 shocks, severe
2..................3 shocks, severe
3..................2 shocks, severe
4..................2 shocks, slight
5..................1 shock, moderate
7..................2 shocks, slight
8..................1 shock, slight
10..................1 shock, slight
12..................1 shock, slight
15..................2 shocks, moderate.
21..................1 shock, severe
22..................1 shock, mod'te, local
27..................1 shock, severe
28..................1 shock, moderate
30..................1 shock, slight

In the record no notice is taken of any slight tremor of the earth, many of which occurred and many more of which were imagined.

It will be noticed that the shocks—as pointed out in my paper in last week's ADVOCATE—began when the moon passed from Quadrature towards conjunction with the sun from her conjunction with Saturn. It will also be noticed that earthquakes occurred almost every day up to, and including Sept. 15th, when they ceased completely for six days, or until the 21st. Why? On the 21st the moon was again at quadrature—back almost to the old spot, overtaking Saturn again on the 22nd—when another shock was recorded. The 27th was a day of several aspects, Mercury being with the moon, Uranus with the moon, Mercury at superior conjunction and the moon at conjunction with the sun. This, consequently, was the only day when forces sufficient for any general trouble could be accumulated, and not on the 29th as stated by the foolish WIGGINS. A glance at the table shows that the only severe shock—excepting that of the 21st—since the 3rd occurred on the 27th. Another beneficial use to which this table may be put is, to show that the trouble is most certainly lessening instead of increasing as the would-be Ottawa seer wishes to make us believe.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Special Advocate Reports.

VIRGINIA.

The month of August entered in the midst of a moist, mild period, which was followed in turn, by an interval of from ten to fifteen days of excessive heat and drought. The average temperature, 70° 4′ is 1° 3′ above the August average for the past six years, and the amount of precipitation 5.85 is 1.25 above the mean for the same time. The highest August mean temperature recorded at this station occurred in 1883, when it was 77° 7′; and the greatest excess of rainfall, 10.50, in 1882. Though there were several intervals of heavy rainfall, the thunder and lightning during this month, was in nature very moderate, contrasting greatly with that which occurred in the month previous. Meteors were seen streaking the western sky on the night of the 26th. On the evening of the 28th, a bold parhelia remained visible for fifteen minutes previous to sunset. I have been experimenting at weather forecasting for some weeks past, and have become enthusiastic over the success already attained.

Dale Enterprise. L. J. HEATWOLE.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

August entered with a rain storm; 2nd, fair; 3rd and 4th, cool and windy; 5th, fair, with a slight frost; 6th, warmer; 7th, cloudy; 8th, a rain storm; 9th, fair; 10th, hot, thermometer 90°; 11th, windy; 12th, fair; 13th, fair; 14th, rain; 15th, windy; 16th, a rain storm; 17th, cloudy; 18th, showers; 19th, showers; 20th, fair; 21st, fair with temp. 50 deg. at sunrise; 22nd, fair; 23rd, hot; 24th, cloudy; 25th, a rain storm; 26th, fair; 27th, very warm; 28th, hot, with thermometer 95 deg. in the shade; 29th, warm; 30th, foggy; 31st, a rain storm.

Melvin Village. JOHN S. HOUSE.

WISCONSIN.

The extended drouth of four months here was broken with 3 inches of water fall on the 20th, 21st and 22nd and a total of 4⅓ for the month. This was a very welcome relief, quenching the forest fires, that were doing great damage in many parts of this state. The mean temperature at the noon record was 70 deg. 17; Aug. 1885, 74 deg. 22; Aug. 1884, 77 deg. 14. There were 22 clear and fair days and but very light winds during the month. A rattling hail storm with thunder on the 6th, the hail falling only in spots or narrow strips of territory, but in different places over considerable portions of the state. The month gave a maximum of 98 deg. on the 9th; minimum, 52 deg. on the 31st.

Shawano. W. S. WOOD.

"My daughter has taken the medicine faithfully, according to direction, and her health and spirits are now perfect. The humor is all gone from her face. I wish every anxious mother might know what a blessing Ayer's Sarsaparilla is in such cases."

IN A DANGEROUS CONDITION.

Any man, woman or child is in a dangerous condition when neglecting a constipated state of the bowels. There can be no perfect health without a regular action of this function. Burdock Blood Bitters cure constipation by imparting a healthy tone to all the secretions.

SOME SHORT SERMONS.

BY BROTHER GARDNER.

My chill'en, de ole man has trabbled a long an' weary road to reach the present mile post, an' he has seen some things dat am wuth jottin' down fur remembrance.

You want to take notis that the cloze of a rogue an' an honest man am cut arter de same feshun, an' perhaps from the same pattern. Doan accept outside appearances.

When you h'ar a man doin' a great deal o' talkin' jist remember dat gab kin be cultivated, but it takes natur' to furnish brains.

If our prosperity was left to Fortune she'd land nine of us in the poo' house whar' she'd smile on de tenth.

When you find a man who am allus complainin' about his luck you has found a pusson who neber helped hisself to deserve any.

While de world owes ebery man a libin', de world ain't to blame if he am too lazy to work fur it.

A leetle pollyticks am like a leetle mustard, but it am de easiest thing in the world to choke yourself on either.

De man who spends his time wonderin' why coons war' made to climb trees am werry apt to miss a good many chances to knock ober rabbits runnin' about his feet.

Bad company am de half-way stashun between murder and de gallus.

When you find a man who's debts doan' worry him you hev hit a chap who'd steal yer mule if you forget to lock de stable doah.

Doan' be disappointed in your feller man's weakness. Some of us hev' been whittled out of sich green timber dat we warped [illegible].

While you should put de Gospel ahead of de law de latter am de best thing to appeal to when you've got a good case.

The Color of the Eyes

But gray eyes are not all of this mischievous or dangerous class. There is the calm, clear, gray eye that reasons as well as feels, that belongs to the brilliant talker, who is never thinking how she may ensnare you, [illegible] how she may interest you, rarely figured by passion, but full of the steady fire of friendship, and ever awake to the behests of duty. When the master comes she makes the sweetest and truest of wives, but woe to the dunderhead who thinks he can tame her.

Let the blue eye tell of love,
And the black eye of beauty,
But the gray soars far above
In the realm of duty.
Ardor for the black proclaim,
Gentle sympathy for blue,
But the gray may be the same,
And the gray is ever true.
Sing, then, of the blue eyes, love,
Sing the hazel eye of beauty,
But the gray is crowned above,
Radiant in the realm of duty.

There are two kinds of hazel eyes the dark hazel with a blue shade and the light hazel, in which green, yellow and blue all mingle, sometimes one and sometimes another of the shades predominating. These were the eyes of Cleopatra. They indicate brain, temper, spirit and passion. She who looks through such luminous windows can purr like a cat and soothe you into submission, or she can spring like a panther when the occasion calls for it, and rend you. The Southern creoles often have such eyes. But the dark hazel belongs to a woman of a different temperament. She inspires a platonic sentiment, is useful, agreeable, intellectual, never talks too much or too little and never gossips.

Graceful and tender, loving, kind,
The whole world o'er you will not find
Eyes that so firm the heart can bind.

Brown eyes are often confounded with hazel, but they form a separate class and have a softness and beauty peculiarly their own. They often go with light hair and fresh, fair complexions, and are full of laughing brightness. Others of more decided brown go with black hair and a dark, brilliant complexion.

Thy brown eyes have a look like birds
Flying straightway to the light.

The poets have praised blue eyes more, perhaps, than any other kind.

Those eyes
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
Whose azure depths their color emulates.

The large, light blue eyes, with the golden eyelash and the delicately traced brow is the type of purity and peace, while the dark, lustrous blue eye, full of emotion, as it may be, is steadfast and true to the very bottom of its limpid depths. This kind often goes with the rarest hue on earth—the beauty with jet black hair and a complexion pale and colorless, but clear as parian marble.

Black eyes most dazzle at a ball,
Blue eyes most please at evening fall;
The black a conquest soonest gains,
The blue a conquest best retains.

Helen of Troy had blue eyes, and Homer gives Juno, Minerva and Venus eyes of the same hue. Although novelists and poets have usually associated the tragic spirit with passionate black eyes, they are not borne out by the facts of actual life. Lucretia Borgia had blue eyes and blonde hair, and Mme. Brinvilliers, the most beautiful and most devilish woman of her time, or perhaps all time. Joan of Arc was a grey-eyed blonde. Mary, Queen of Scots, had gray eyes, and Queen Elizabeth had grey eyes and red hair. Black-eyed women are more apt to be more passionate and jealous than their blue-eyed sisters, but they do not hold their passions long and are not so vengeful in spirit.

And green eyes, what can be said of them? They are usually very handsome, and full of love and sincerity. Dante's Beatrice had green eyes that shone like emeralds.

And in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes
see in evening skies.

"The Spaniards greatly admire green eyes. They are not bewildering like the blue, dangerous like the grey, passionate like the black, nor affectionate like the brown, but they are the eyes that see visions like the poet, and they love to dwell apart from the earthliness about them, in realms of the imagination.

Men's eyes are not often so striking or so beautiful as women's, but a man who possesses a fine eye has a good inheritance. Great leaders have usually good eyes. Washington's eyes commanded respect and submission. From youth to age he was never treated with familiarity by those who were near him. At least not a second time. Governeur Morris once slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, in fulfillment of a bet he had made, but when Washington turned his eyes on him Morris almost sank to the ground, and most abjectly apologized. Napoleon had the same keen glance out of his gray eyes, that went to the very bottom of one's heart.

AT A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

I went with my friend. At eight o'clock in the evening we entered the restaurant of Mong Sing Wah, at 18 Mott street, New York. Mong Sing Wah is termed the Celestial Delmonico, of New York, and his place is patronized by those Chinamen who are on the home stretch of their fortune-making in this country and are anticipating their early return to the homes they left behind them in Canton and Hong Kong. But to the dinner. There was a portion of it before us, and so, carrying out my friend's instruction, I took up my chop-sticks with an air that was intended to convey to the other customers the idea that I was proficient in their use, and had, in fact, eaten with chop-sticks all my life. These instruments of gastronomic nature are about the size of a lead pencil, and are made of hard black wood. Two of them are furnished to each person at table. Despite my efforts at nonchalence, I discovered that I was in a bad box. I did not know how to eat with my lead pencils any more than a baby would know how to properly handle a fork. A kind-hearted Chinaman at the next table took pity on me and showed me how to handle them. It is not at all difficult after you get the hang of it. You must hold one of the sticks rigidly, letting the upper end project over the hollow of the hand, as a schoolboy holds his pencil, and gripping it firmly between the first and second fingers and the ball of the thumb. The other is held lightly, as a good penman holds his pen, between the first and second finger and the ball of the thumb. "Chow-chop-ney" was the first dish we tackled. It is a very palatable stew, made of bean sprouts, chicken gizzards and livers, calves' tripe, [illegible] fish, dried pork and a number of other ingredients. "Chup-seow" was the next course. This is a pork and roast pork. After being roasted, the pork is hung in the smoke of various aromatic herbs, which are burned under it. This gives it a most delicious flavor. Like everything to eat in a Chinese restaurant, the pork is cut into small and thin slices, so that it may be conveniently handled with the chop-sticks. No bread is ever served with a Chinese dinner, the place of the "staff of life" being taken by boiled rice, or "fan" as it is called by the Celestials. Nobody can cook rice like the Chinese. When they set it before you it is beautifully white, dry and nutritious, every grain being thoroughly cooked. It is not mashed together, but every grain is separate. "Saus-sin-goy" means fish, and the manner in which it is served at Mong Sing's restaurant would make your own chefs of Young's or Parker's green with envy. It is baked in a sort of brown sauce that passes as almost every heavenly flavor, and one can go on eating it forever, apparently without tiring of the taste. The average Chinaman uses very little flavoring in his food; consequently at this Mott street cafe we were given only one condiment. It is called "seow" and is a sort of mild half-cousin to our well-known Worcestershire sauce. The dinner over, we washed it down with quite a number of cups of "tung-lu," as tea is called in that celestial language, and not quite so many drinks of "no-mu-deo," or Chinese liquor, which is distilled from rice and poured over figs and prunes to give it a sweet, fruity flavor. It is served in odd little teacups and is a most insidious imbibation. The cups do not hold much more than a tablespoonful, and while you are drinking "no-mu-deo" it tastes so mild, sweet and harmless that you do not imagine that it can do you any harm. But suddenly the intoxication comes upon you like a timid relapse, and you must either stop drinking "no-mu-deo," or else be willing to stagger homeward. My friend ordered "yen ti," and the waiter brought a small tray of cigarettes. Well, the dinner was over, our hunger was appeased, and the cost was only about 90 cents for two.

"Now come and get shaved by my Chinese barber," said my friend, and a few minutes later we entered the "tonsorial palace" of See Chung, 22 Mott street. This, to the uninitiated, is even a more novel experience than to dine at a Chinese restaurant. I doubt if there is any barber in Boston who would understand how to use such an assortment of razors as See Chung keeps on hand. First, the Chinese barber lathers the face of his customer with a toothbrush, and then he goes at the beard with a broad, short-bladed razor, set in its handle like an axe. After scraping away with this instrument for awhile, he changes it for a much narrower and lighter blade, until, when he comes to shave the nose and the inside of the ears, he uses a thin, flexible bit of finely tempered steel, which is only about as broad as a toothpick. I will confess that it makes the novice a little bit nervous to have this glittering little piece of keen steel go waggling about the delicate tissues and fibres of the ears and nasal organ, but, if you did not see it, you would never know it was being used upon you, so light is the touch of the artist who is manipulating it.—*Correspondence of the Boston Herald.*

The English Sparrow.

English sparrows got a severe berating in a recent number of the *London Academy*, which says, "It is hard for a lover of birds to approach the 'sparrow question.' Sparrows are found to do more harm than snakes or tigers. Nature's thieves and vagabonds they are. This is the verdict of every one who investigates the matter. They drive away birds who do more good and little or no harm. For every noxious insect they destroy, they consume more corn than one likes to calculate. A Cheshire farmer, indeed, estimates the loss to England due to depredations of sparrows at £770,094 a year; and this loss is on the increase. The careful and long-continued experiments of Colonel Russell, in Essex, show that sparrows do unmitigated mischief, and the experience of our colonies and of the Americans confirm the facts beyond cavil. There is really nothing to be said for the sparrow. He carries destruction with him wherever he goes, and leaves devastation to mark his increase. From every point of view he must be looked upon as the enemy of man. Either he must give way to us or we to him; and just now his power is such that he seems in a fair way to become here, as he already has become in Australia, a factor in politics. The Colorado beetle can never commit such ravages as the sparrow is certain to do wherever he is allowed to go on unchecked."

TO RENT.

The subscriber offers for rent the Billiard Room in her new Hall for a term of years on reasonable terms. This room is new and is one of the finest in the province.

MRS. M. H. MOIR.
Huntingdon, Aug. 18th, 1886. 32tf

REMOVAL.

F. W. BATES would intimate to the public that he has removed to Hunter Street, opposite the organ factory. All orders for teaming, cartage, etc., promptly attended to. Rates reasonable.
Huntingdon, Sept. 8th, 1886. 35tf

Caskets & Coffins.

The Subscriber keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Caskets and Coffins in all styles and prices.
Burial Robes, Coffin Plates, &c., kept in stock.
First-class Hearse. Prices reasonable.

MRS. A. HENDERSON.

CASKETS & COFFINS

Always on hand, a fine assortment of Caskets and Coffins in all sizes
BURIAL ROBES, PLATES, ETC,
Always on hand.
Orders filled at all hours, and prices moderate.
N. B.—Purchasers can have the use of Hearse free.
20—tf D. SHANKS.

WALL PAPER.

YOU CAN BUY
WALL PAPER
Cheaper from
Wm. E. Potter,
MONTREAL,
Than you can from any other house in Canada.

LOOK AT THE P ICES!

Canadian Wall Paper, - - 4c per roll.
English Wall Paper, 22 in. wide, 5c per roll
American Wall Paper, 6 to 15c, worth 15 to 25c per roll.
Beautiful Gilt Paper, 20 and 25c, same as other stores sell at 50 and 75c.

BORDERS! BORDERS!
AT
Less than Half Price.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS
1375, NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.
Only 50 yds. from the C. P. R. Depot.
☞ Samples sent free by mail to any address in Canada.
"Samples can be seen at Mr. J. D. Bicknell's Huntingdon, where any orders which may be left will have immediate attention." 48

The New Store

THIS store is now open to the public with a large assortment of
Teas, Coffees, Spices and General Groceries,
and prepared to sell at the very lowest possible prices as the following will show:
Teas—18 qualities to choose from, 15 to 60c
Coffee—4 do do 20 to 35c
(*all our Coffees are in the bean and will be ground to order.*)
Spices reduced
Granulated Sugar 7½c
Muskavado do 7c
Best Yellow do 6¼
Powdered or Pulverized Sugar 14c
Cooking Raisins 10c
Table do 15c
Extra Layer do 22c
Currants 7c
Prunes 6c
Rice 4½
Sago 7c
Soap—Strachan's Gilt Edge 7½
Montreal Laundry Beauty 7c
Codfish 6c
Full line of Canned Goods
Grand assortment of Toilet Soaps
Genuine Chow Chow Pickles 25c
Family Pickles 20c
A well assorted stock of goods at similar reduced prices
We make a specialty of Teas, Coffees and Spices and guarantee to sell at prices which will satisfy every customer.
A staple line of Fishing Tackle at an extra reduced price on account of the advanced season.
This business will be carried on with more system than it was before and we will deal honestly with every customer.
Trade given for farm produce.

MONTGOMERY'S OLD STAND,
Cor. King and Bouchette Sts.
Huntingdon.
Terms Strictly Cash.
A. R. MACDONALD,
Proprietor.
Huntingdon, June 23rd, 1886. 24

The Advocate

VOL. IV. NO. 41. HUNTINGDON, P.Q., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1886 $1.00 PER YEAR

Hotel Directory.

MOIR'S HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, Que.
This favorite Hotel always gives satisfaction to its patrons. No efforts are spared to provide for the comfort of the guests. Excellent Table, furnished with all delicacies in season.
NEW AND ENLARGED SAMPLE ROOM
accommodation for the convenience of Commercial Travellers.
First-class Stables.
MRS. MOIR, Proprietor.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, Que.
First-class accommodation for the travelling public.
Sample Rooms for Commercial Men.
Telephone connection with Athelstan and Dundee, Que., and Chateaugay, Malone, Fort Covington and other points in northern New York, free to guests of the house.
First-class table. Delicacies in season.
13-yr. J. C. McMILLAN, Proprietor.

LADD'S HOTEL,
CHATEAUGAY, N. Y.
Parties conveyed to the Lakes, Woods and Chasm. Free Carriage to and from all trains.
Telephone connection with the house.
24-yr TYDELL HUTCHINS, Proprietor.

ALBION HOTEL,
McGILL & ST. PAUL STREETS,
MONTREAL.
Centrally located. Charges moderate.
STEARNS & MURRAY,
2yr Proprietors.

DOMINION HOTEL,
CAZAVILLE, QUE.
This new and well appointed house is now ready for the reception of guests. Good table. Large sample rooms for commercial men. Fire-proof building and fire-proof safe attached to the house. First-class stables.
Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
L. CHRETIEN,
23 Proprietor.

LAROCQUE'S HOTEL,
VALLEYFIELD, Que.
Good Accommodation. Excellent Table Comfortable Stabling.
A. LAROCQUE, Proprietor.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
DUNDEE, Que.
Horse and Boat Livery attached, and Guides furnished when required.
The Hotel is situated on the Province Line between Dundee, Que., and Fort Covington, N. Y. Daily Ferry to connect with Cars and Boats at Cornwall. Also direct connection with Montreal daily by the M. & C. J. Railway. Daily Stage to and from Malone.
☞ *Agent for Farming Implements.* ☜
JOHN TYO, Proprietor.

KELLY'S HOTEL,
BEAUHARNOIS, Que.
Mr. KELLY announces to his friends that his hotel is provided with a First-class Bar, Comfortable Rooms and Good Tables.
☞ *Livery attached to Hotel.* ☜
Boats and Fishing Apparatus furnished. The best of Fishing on Lake St. Louis. Hotel five Minute's walk from Beauharnois Sulphur Springs.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
ORMSTOWN, Que.
Excellent Table. Good Accommodation. Comfortable Stabling.
First-class Bar on the premises. The Wines and Liquors are all of the very best quality.
T. H. PALING, Proprietor.

BOURQUE'S HOTEL,
ST. ANTOINE ABBE.
One door west of the old stand. House refitted and re-furnished in firstclass style, affording superior accommodation.
CHAS. BOURQUE, Proprietor.

SALABERRY HOTEL,
(Rapin's old stand)
BEAUHARNOIS.
First-class accommodation for Commercial Men. Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.
ISRAEL LEMAY,
Proprietor.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL,
VALLEYFIED, Que.
Superior accommodation for Commercial Travellers and the general public; first-class table with Wines and Liquors, Cigars, &c., of the best description at the bar. Good Stabling and Shed accommodation.
ZOTIQUE DUBOIS,
7-ly Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
CAZAVILLE, Que.
This house is beautifully situated two miles from the St. Lawrence, and but recently refitted and furnished with all modern improvements. Bar supplied with choice wines, liquors and cigars.
IMPORTANT TO FISHERMEN.
Every accommodation furnished to parties from a distance wishing to spend a season at fishing. Conveyance to and from the river, and boats, board, &c., at reasonable rates.
THOMAS LEE,
Proprietor.

THE HUNTINGDON ADVOCATE is printed and published in the village of Huntingdon, by Henry D. Somerville proprietor, resident in the village of Huntingdon.

GENERAL NEWS.

Lord Kilmaine has arranged a scheme of peasant proprietorship for his Mayo estate of 11,000 acres in accordance with the Ashbourne act.

The state of siege at Madrid has been raised.

The Swedish Government proposes to introduce a bill against Socialists.

The Londonderry corporation has adopted an address of loyalty to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

At Pesth on Friday there were reported 36 new cases of cholera and 20 deaths, and at Trieste 4 cases and 2 deaths.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, heir to the Russian throne, is affected with pulmonary disease. He is 18 years old.

The French Government has demanded that China shall not restrict the trade in opium in Yun Nan and Tonquin.

The tenants on Keating's Clonakilla estate, Ireland, have bought their holdings for sixteen years' purchase under the Ashbourne act.

The commission to enquire into the working of the Irish Land act will begin its work on October 22 and continue it during November.

Eighty Polish land owners held a meeting at Posen, and resolved to establish a loan and trust bank, with a capital of 3,000,000 marks, to assist the Poles in resisting the efforts of the Government to germanize the Polish provinces.

The coal mine owners of Fifeshire, Scotland, refuse to concede the demand of the miners for an increase of 10 per cent in wages, The masters throughout Scotland are in favor of a general lock-out unless the men abate their demand. Thirty-five thousand miners would be involved in such a lock-out.

LONDON, October 15.—The wind which began blowing a gale last night has been increasing all day and night, it is blowing a hurricane, the storm extending over the entire southwest coast of England and Ireland. Serious damage to shipping is reported at Falmouth, Cowes and Plymouth. Several buildings have been wrecked at Brighton. Thirty ships have taken refuge in Foyne harbor on the River Shannon. Three wrecks have been signalled in Bantry Bay, and it is feared many casualties will be reported.

HALIFAX, N.S., October 14—One of the most curious freaks of nature ever reported is now engaging the attention of Halifax medical men. At No. 185 Brunswick street lives Wilmont Lewis, a carriage builder, and his wife. They were married on March 30, 1885. On April 11 the husband started for the Northwest with the Halifax Provisional Battalion, he being a private in company 2, H. G. A., commanded by Captain McCrows. When the rebellion was over he returned with his corps. This was July 30. On May 8 Mrs. Lewis presented her husband with her first baby boy. Last Monday, five months and three days after his brother was born, Mrs. Lewis gave birth to another boy. When weighed yesterday baby No. 2 tipped the beam at eight pounds.

The powers are actively exchanging views on the selection of a candidate for the Bulgarian throne.

LONDON, October 14—Lord Iddesleigh, foreign secretary, had a prolonged interview to-day with Baron de Staal, the Russian ambassador. It is undeniable that the crisis in Bulgaria has reached an acute stage.

Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay, in opening the Cama Hospital, which is to be officered entirely by ladies, said he anticipated the time when native medical women would be raised up to tend their suffering sisters, and remarked that there was no movement in India in which the Queen felt greater personal interest.

VENICE, October 15.—Canon Bianchini, while leaving St. Mark's cathedral yesterday, was stabbed to the heart by a man who cried, "Behold thy victim." The assassin was arrested, and proved to be Signor Vianelli, formerly a deacon, whose conversion to Protestantism caused a flutter among Catholics a few years ago. On examination Vianelli deposed that he came to Venice with the intention of avenging himself on Canon Bianchini, whose chicanery had driven him to apostacy and ruin.

TORONTO, Oct. 15.—The damage to the island by last night's storm was not so great as anticipated. An ice house was wrecked and several ice boats stored in it destroyed. Along the western shore all the grains lately placed there have been scattered about. In the city two two-storey houses, nearly completed, at the corner of Dufferin and College streets, were blown down. The steeple of the Central Methodist church, Bloor street, was also blown down.

KINGSTON, October 15.—The gale here last night blew at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Very much damage was done to trees, wharves and buildings. The posts of the pinnacles on the Third Methodist Church were blown down. A section of the hurricane deck of the steamer "John Thorn," was lifted across the wharf, and the instruments and wind gauges on the observatory were broken to pieces. Very considerable damage was done to vessels in the harbor and those running in for shelter.

LONDON, October 15.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address to-day in Rev. Dr. Parker's city temple on "Pulpit Work." He dwelt upon the aid newspapers rendered to the preacher. A number of questions were asked Mr. Beecher as to his idea of the doctrines of retribution. His answers caused intense excitement, several divines rising to their feet and loudly protesting against his views. Mr. Beecher retorted that any man who believed in retribution who married, entered society or smiled was a monster. He preferred working through fear springing from love rather than through fear of the barbaric doctrine of retribution.

The Pembroke *Standard* says that an exceedingly sad affair occurred on the evening of the day on which the Cabden Agricultural exhibition was held last week. Wm. Roach, a well to do farmer, who lives about seven miles from Calden, near Hulay's Station, exhibited a four year old bull at the fair. On the way home, and within about two miles from his own farm, he was attacked by the bull and gored to death. His remains were found next day near Conyer's Corners, jammed in under a fence. In this locality evidence of the fearful struggle by which poor Roach lost his life were to be seen on the log rails near by where his body was found. The deceased was a good citizen, an honest, sober and industrious man, and much esteemed by all who knew him. His bereaved family have the sympathy of the whole community.

PORT COLBORNE, Ont., October 14.—The schooner Geo. M. Case, of Chicago, foundered about 1 p.m. when six miles off the harbor. She was bound from Chicago laden with 23,000 bushels corn. The vessel sprung a leak this morning, and thinking they could make here they pointed her for this harbor, but she went down before reaching here. A heavy gale from the southwest and a terrific sea was rolling when she went down. The river tug, W. A. Moore, which was on her way to Buffalo, was in sight of the vessel when she went down and made immediately for her. Capt. Ames said he found four men clinging to the rigging and with difficulty rescued two of them. The vessel went down in about seven fathoms of water. Those drowned are Capt. Wm. Daily, sailor Ole Greene and a woman cook, said to belong to Detroit, and her Christian name was Maggie, other name unknown. The last three went down with the vessel and never came up.

GANANOQUE, Ont., October 18.—A very unusual scene took place in Christ church here yesterday morning, just before the 11 o'clock service. In July last the incumbent placed Eucharistic and Vesper lights upon the Communion table of that church. A large majority of the congregation at once memorialized their clergyman to remove the lights, but without avail. Subsequently Archdeacon Lauder visited the parish to settle the difficulty, and it was supposed the matter was satisfactorily disposed of. Recently the pastor, with the assent of the commissary of the bishop, replaced the candlesticks, it being understood that they were not to be lighted for the present. The anti-Ritualists then sent a deputation to wait on their clergyman, with the result that no satisfactory conclusion was arrived at. To-day some twenty of the Low church party waited on the rev. gentleman, evidently prepared to push the matter to the last extremity and take the candlesticks from the altar, by force if it need be. On his positive refusal to acquiesce in their request, they as a body entered the chancel of the church and carried them off. The clergyman and the few choristers present resisted slightly, but met with no violence.

WALLA WALLA, Washington Territory, Oct. 14.—A cattle rancher just in from North Mountain states that the drive of cattle from this country to British Columbia has proven a disastrous failure to St. Louis cattle syndicates. For a time a drive consisting of 40,000 head of cattle prospered finely, but an unusually dry season in Montana progressed, the cattle began to weaken and fall by the wayside, and as days passed by food became scarcer, the animals died by hundreds, herders even suffered great privation for want of water and so desperate did the situation become that when nearing the British line the proprietor of the herd ordered the drive to be abandoned and the herders to reach the Northern Pacific railway the best way they could. The scene along the drive was most pitiable. Cattle men are of the opinion that the syndicate will not have 200 head of stock next spring, out of the immense band driven from this country. The loss in that case will reach $250,000.

It was rumored in political circles yesterday that Mr. Mercier had offered a portfolio to an English-speaking Protestant Conservative member should he be called upon to form a Cabinet. The Conservative gentleman, whose name is mentioned in the matter is one of the ablest, most ardent and trusted of the Conservative deputies who sat in the last Parliament. The rumor states that the gentleman referred to indignantly refused the proffered portfolio.—*Gazette.*

Henry Foreman, a guide at North lake, in the Adirondacks started out a few days ago on a deer track and lost his way. He wandered about thirty-six hours without food and in a heavy rain, and when he was finally guided to the camp of a New Haven party by the sound of an axe he was nearly crazed.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., October 13.—About 8 o'clock this morning a girl named Hennessy, residing on West Coal street, went in the basement of the house, and seeing at the foot of the stairway what looked like a bar of iron, she tried to pick it up. The bar turned out to be a lead pipe which conveyed the supply from the water main to the rear of the house. She then opened a door, and when the light shone in she found herself standing on the brink of a cave-in, 18 feet in diameter and perhaps 100 feet deep. The whole bottom of the basement had fallen into the workings of the Oakdale colliery. The house is still standing, but fears are entertained not only for its safety, but for the safety of other buildings in the neighborhood, and the people of that section of the town are terribly excited.

STRATFORD, Ont., October 13.—Mr. David Kennedy, father of the Kennedy family of Scottish vocalists, died at the Windsor hotel here this morning from an attack of dysentery. He had been ailing for two or three weeks past, but kept his engagements until a week ago yesterday, when he reached here, and under medical advice advice decided to rest for a while. His remains will be taken to Edinburgh for interment and, accompanied by his family, left here this afternoon for Rimouski, thence by the SS. Parisian.

Professional Cards.

J. T. McPHERSON,

Surgeon Dentist
(Rooms over the Printing Office of the HUNTINGDON ADVOCATE.)
HUNTINGDON, QUE.
WILL VISIT
ORMSTOWN:
EVERY FRIDAY
HOWICK:
FIRST WEDNESDAY
VALLEYFIELD:
2ND & 4TH WEDNESDAY
FRANKLIN CENTRE
THIRD WEDNESDAY
SPECIALTY. The preservation of the Natural Teeth by Gold and Silver fillings. Best quality English or American Porcelain Teeth used, $10 per set.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered to over 300 patients without accident or any inconvenience.
No charge made for extracting when replaced by Artificial.
My patrons will please note that my office in Huntingdon is closed every Wednesday and Friday.
N.B. Those having ill fitting artificial plates can have them made over at a small cost.
Huntingdon, June 1st, 1886.

Dr. Allan McMillan,
Physician, Surgeon, etc.,
HUNTINGDON, QUE.
Office and residence, opposite Post Office.

W. SUTHERLAND, M. D.
ORMSTOWN, QUE.
SURGEON and PHYSICIAN,
Graduate of McGill College, Montreal, in 1871.
Office first door west of Matthew Kerr's store.

ARCHIBALD, McCORMICK & DUCLOS,
ADVOCATES,
1724 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.
Alderman J. S. ARCHIBALD, M. A., B. C. L., Professor Criminal Law, McGill College.
D. McCORMICK, B. C. L.
CHARLES A. DUCLOS, B.A., B.C.L.
Mr. McCormick will attend the Courts in Beauharnois, Ste. Martine and Huntingdon, and give special attention to the District.
Mr. Duclos will follow the Courts in and give special attention to the Districts of St. Hyacinthe and Bedford.
Accounts for collection may be addressed to the firm, Montreal, or M. S McCoy, Huntingdon.

DONALD DOWNIE, B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, &c.,
(of Downie & Lanctot)
145 *St. James Street,*
MONTREAL.
Will be at Moir's Hotel, Huntingdon, on last Saturday of every month.
Attends all courts in District of Beauharnois.
Accounts for collection addressed to Montreal or left with Geo. Blackford, B. S., Chateauguay St, Huntingdon will receive prompt attention. Interviews may be arranged for any evening.
43yr

A. E. MITCHELL, B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
HUNTINGDON.
Will attend all courts in the District. Quick collections, and returns made promptly 13-1yr.

A. G. CROSS, B.C.L.
ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
BARRISTER, &c.
Will attend all Courts in the Beauharnois District.
Collections promptly made, Address as above, or to M. A. Martin, P. O. Box 106 Huntingdon.

NERVOUS
DEBILITATED MEN.
You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility*, loss of Vitality and *Manhood*, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free, by addressing
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

MARJORIE'S ERRAND.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

Mrs. Lennardson was looking vexed as well as worried when she came from the house-keeper's room to join her daughters; and she waved away the dimming one of them held up for her inspection.

"By and by, Nora; I cannot look at it now. Was there ever anything so provoking? I thought we were suited with really good, reliable servants. Cook manages for us admirably; the new housemaid will do with a little instruction; and Marjorie—why, I was beginning to think of Marjorie as a fixture; one of those stolid, awkward, but thoroughly trustworthy women, who would never think of going away to better herself; and here she has just been giving me notice."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Nora and Winnie Lennardson, in the same breath. "But perhaps," added the former, "Marjorie has a sweetheart at her country home, and is going back there to be married."

"If that were the case, one should feel bound to say no more; but the exasperating part of the affair is that she will not confess why she proposes leaving us; indeed she reddens and seems quite distressed when I question her; and not only persists in giving up her place, but wants to do so at once. Cask tells me she packed her box early this morning, so eager is she to be off!"

"Will it be right to let her leave us so hastily?" queried Nora. "She is a stranger in London, and has always seemed too steady and reserved to make any acquaintances."

"She has no intention of staying in London, Mrs. Lennardson replied, "I satisfied myself on that point. Neither has she another situation in view; but beyond a 'Yes' or a 'No,' she is so obstinately silent that at last I came away quite angry."

"Why not turn her over to Eda, mamma?" asked Winnie, when the three ladies had exhausted their surprises and their conjectures. "Ever since Marjorie had that illness in the winter she has attached herself to Eda, who was certainly very kind to her. If it is any of you that seals her lips, my sister may persuade her to be more communicative."

"I wish that Eda would try," Mrs. Lennardson responded, turning to her youngest and prettiest daughter, who had been sitting at a distant table, apparently too much absorbed in a book to hear the animated tones of the speakers. But anyone who had peeped over her shoulder would have seen that the volume was upside down, with the pages at which it lay open blistered with the tears that had fallen upon it.

However, she came forward as soon as she was appealed to, and readily promised to try the effect of her influence on Marjorie. It Eda Lennardson had a secret sorrow just then—if she were suffering from a miserable consciousness that pride and a hasty temper had parted her forever from one who was very dear to her, that same pride helped her to conceal her regrets. Winnie and Nora often confided to each other that their sister could not have been very deeply attached to Austin Daryll; and Mrs. Lennardson, though she sighed over her daughter's folly in quarrelling with a man who would have been an excellent husband, rejoiced, too, that Eda bore their sudden separation so bravely.

A sudden influx of visitors drove the subject of Marjorie into the background till she came into the room where her favorite amongst her young mistresses was changing her dress for dinner.

Mrs. Lennardson's under-housemaid was tall, strong, and swarthy; a girl who was mocked and teased by her fellow-servants for what they considered her old fashioned ways, as well as the slowness and clumsiness of her movements.

And yet they liked her too; if her honesty and firm adherence to the teachings of her youth not infrequently proved irritating and at variance with their laxer notions of right, she was always so good-tempered and obliging, so ready to take upon her own shoulders the tasks no one else cared for, that they would miss her greatly.

"Is it true that we are going to lose you?" Eda said to her as she went about the room on tiptoe, picking up dropped articles, folding and putting away skirts and bodices, and making the apartment resume the air of exquisite neatness that, as its owner would laughingly admit, it had never worn till Marjorie elected herself to the office of Miss Eda's maid. "Is it true, or have you thought better of your resolution? We shall be sorry to lose you unless you convince us that it is for your good."

"Thank you, Miss Eda, thank you," said Marjorie hoarsely, her strongly marked features glowing with emotion; but here she paused till the young lady glanced at her over her shoulder, querying kindly:—

"Well, how is it to be? You will stay here a little longer?"

Then Marjorie took courage to say that, on the contrary, she should like to go on the morrow if possible, and Eda resumed the brushing of her hair with a shrug of her shoulders. If the stupid girl was determined to have her own way, what was the use of saying more?

But presently, as Marjorie was smoothing the ruffled contents of a collar-box, a little white hand was laid on her arm.

"I'm afraid, Madge, it's my fault you are leaving us. I know that of late I have frequently forgotten myself, and spoken to you as no woman should speak to one who serves her faithfully. But I have been in trouble; let this be my excuse; and in future I will be less selfish, more considerate."

Marjorie's eyes were moist now, and she was quivering in every limb.

"You shouldn't have said this to me, Miss Eda! Have I ever minded a cross word from you? Haven't I seen you unhappy?"

But the rising flush in the young lady's cheek may have warned her that she was treading on dangerous ground, for Marjorie checked herself, and waited till she could speak in calmer tones.

"You must let me go, please, Miss. I shan't be able to content myself without."

"But where are you going? Home?"

After some hesitation, Marjorie named a well-known seaport on the northeast coast, coupling the information with a timid request to be told the best way of getting there.

"For whose sake are you doing this?" Eda demanded; and when the girl only hung her head and gave no reply, surprise and sorrow that she should be so rash prompted another and more urgent question

"Can you take with you the comfort of knowing that you are acting rightly?"

Marjorie pondered awhile, then her eyes brightened.

"You see, Miss Eda, there's many things which young ladies as have been carefully brought up wouldn't choose to do that the likes of me can see no harm in. But please don't ask me any more questions," she added imploringly. "I didn't make up my mind to this till I'd thought it well out on my knees."

After this, what more could Eda say? She knew Marjorie followed her to the door when she quitted the room, and even to the top of the stairs; but she would not look back and say the good bye for which the girl was evidently pining; and when, on the morrow, she repented, and went in search of her, it was too late; Marjorie, carrying with her a bundle of necessaries, was gone.

II.

The sight of a neatly dressed young woman loitering on the beach long after the grey mists of twilight had driven the visitors away, and the children to bed, attracted the notice of half-a-dozen cottage mothers who were filling their pitchers and pails at the spring bubbling out of the cliffside.

It was a busy time in the fishermen's quarter. It was the mackerel season, and the catches were unusually large. Every morning the boats came into the bay laden with their silvery prizes, and the fishers' wives worked hard at washing and packing for the London markets, or, when this was over, tramped the streets of the seaport town offering the surplus fish from door to door.

If money was tolerably plentiful in consequence, so that the hard times of the winter were almost forgotten, it was earned by hard labor; and if the men risked their lives by night the women were not idle by day.

When the contents of the boats had been disposed of, there were nets to mend, food to cook, clothes to patch and dry, and if last not least, the children to look after. And what a flock of them there always were!—daring, restless, white haired, sun-browned little monkeys, always climbing into dangerous places, or slipping off the end of the quay, to be fished up again half-drowned; and yet, how happy they were!

One of the women, who was resting awhile before she carried away her pitcher, gave a half-conscious sigh as she, too, turned to watch the stranger. Molly Barr was not as stoutly built as the other women; and looked unequal to her daily toils, that she might be excused for the feverish tone her voice had taken when she added her remark to the gossiping comments of the others.

"She's waiting for her lad, no doubt; but if she knew as much as we do, she'd go home and think no more of him. She'll wish she had if ever she's like me with six hungry boys, neither of them big enough to help father; and wives, as in the cradle that's more trouble to me than all the rest."

"Ah! but, Molly, you wouldn't be without your baby girls in spite of your grumbling," she was reminded.

"And you've got a man that doesn't drink away a penny of his earnings," said another. "Jim Barr never comes reeling home to frighten his bairns with his shoutings, or to blacken your eyes with his fists."

"Oh, you poor soul!" cried Molly pitifully. "Has Sam been beating you again?"

The enquiry led to a tale of a wife's wrongs, so thrilling, that who could help stopping to listen?

The twins in the cradle were forgotten, and so was the solitary stranger on the beach, till half an hour afterwards Molly Barr found this identical girl sitting on the step of her cottage door, with her hands beside her.

She was roughly, but not unkindly questioned, and answered without hesitation that she had come from London that day, and wanted work; but when asked why she had come here, she did not answer.

"Where are you going to get a decent bed at this time o' night? You can't go to the public—'tain't fitting you should. What work can you do?"

"Anything," responded Marjorie Gray, eagerly. "I'm strong and I'm willing."

"And so am I, willing enough," said Molly, with something like a groan, as she hurried into the cottage to still the wails of one of the infants; but as for strong; I wish I were! But step in; you look a respectable sort of a body. You shall have half my bed to-night, and when the boats come in tomorrow we'll see if you can turn up your hands to work at all."

"There was plenty of wondering when Molly came to the tubs in the early morning, accompanied by Marjorie, and one or two of the women were disposed to resent her presence among them, but she was so quiet and obliging that the murmurs died away as soon as the hurry and bustle of filling the baskets commenced, and by her promptitude and skill in binding up a badly cut hand she won for herself the good-will of the fishermen.

Jim Barr grumbled a little when he found her in his cottage. "Wasn't it so full already?" he asked, "that there was hardly room to set his own foot down? Though," he hastily added, with a glance at his wife's pale cheeks, "if she were willing to help a bit with the youngsters, he shouldn't say no to it."

Marjorie had not waited for this. She was capable as well as industrious, and not only the fretful twins, but the smaller of the boys were carried off to a shady nook on the sands, and there amused and kept out of mischief while both the fisherman and his wife obtained a few hours of the rest they needed.

All that day and many succeeding ones she labored for the kindly woman who had unhesitatingly given her shelter, and Molly Barr's voice lost its sharpness and her face its weary look now Marjorie shared her burdens. The children, too, were not so unmanageable nor the cottage so untidy; neither did Jim Barr's pocket suffer through this addition to his family circle, for the now member of it insisted on giving up all her earnings to his wife, and even supplemented it on rent day with a few shillings from the small sum she hoarded in her bosom, because it might be needed by-and-by to carry her back to London.

All day and every day Marjorie toiled for those who befriended her, but in the evening, when the children slept, she would find her way to the end of the quay, and question the coastguardsman or the old sailors hanging about there.

Those inquiries always took the same form. There was a yacht named the Lesbia that, unless she had been misinformed, would put in here for certain stores before her owner steamed away to the South Pacific; could no one tell Marjorie when it would arrive?

"Sir William won't leave Cowes till after the regatta," said one of the old salts.

"Was there any danger of the Lesbia having left England without calling here at all?"

But the suggestion was loudly scouted. Sir William was too prudent to start on a long voyage short-handed and two of men he had engaged in it lived in the neighborhood, and had received orders to hold themselves in readiness. No, no, the Lesbia had not started for the Pacific yet.

"Have you got a sweetheart aboard of her, my lass?" asked one of the old men.

But the girl's "No," was spoken too gravely to be doubted; and yet she would stand on the beach in the roughest weather, straining her eyes to be first to catch sight of the yacht. What could be the errand connected with it that had brought her here?

At last the "Lesbia" steamed into the bay and Marjorie left her work and oven deserted the babies, in her eagerness to reach the quay before the yacht's boat brought on shore the owner of the vessel and the friends who were to accompany him on his voyage.

Looking once again the neat, respectable handmaid of the Lennardsons, stood Marjorie, scanning the faces of the gentlemen as they landed, till she descried the one she was longing to behold.

Involuntarily she locked her hands together, and her heart beat loud and fast. In the next five minutes and on the words she was about to say there was much depending. What if her courage failed her, and she blundered? Or what if her well-meant interposition were in vain? How could she—so ignorant, so awkward—hope to do any good?

Sir William and some of his companions walked past her, talking and laughing as they went, and then Marjorie stepped forward and curtseyed to one of the two gentlemen who were following more leisurely.

His friend moved on, but he though surprised, stopped and raised his hat courteously.

"Do I know you?" he asked, finding that she did not put up the recognition he was expecting.

"No, sir," Marjorie made answer; "but I used to live with Mrs. Lennardson."

His brows contracted. "What have you to say to me?" he demanded, almost harshly.

"Not many words, sir. Only—that—that it was not Miss Eda who went to Mrs. Fielder's fancy ball; it was her sister, Miss Nora."

The handsome face that had grown dark with sunburn during these last few weeks flushed through its bronze, and Marjorie was eyed incredulously. Aware that the gay, thoughtless Mrs Fielder drew around her a set of people who were not fit associates for his pure-minded Eda, Mr. Daryll had begged her not to be present at this ball; yet when he returned to town, whence business had called him, he had been assured by an officious friend that Miss Lennardson was one of the guests.

True, Eda had denied it, but she blushed when he asked her how she had spent that particular evening, and became so angry when she found herself suspected of deceiving him, that they had quarreled and parted.

"How do you know what you have just asserted?" Mr. Daryll asked, in such stern tones that Marjorie trembled; but she answered:

"I know it because I was in it at the time, and Miss Eda came and sat by my bed all that night and the next, holding my hot hand, and helping me with her kindness to bear the pain."

Here, then, was the solution of Eda's blushes and hesitation. She could not bring herself to confess what she had done, lest her lover should say, as her sisters had said, that she carried her compassion to absurd lengths.

"My good girl"—how his voice had softened—"did Miss Eda send you to tell me these things?"

"No one sent me; but when she fainted after she read in the paper that you were going away in the Lesbia, and I saw her so unhappy—"

Tears were choking Marjorie, and Mr. Darryll's friends were calling him. He said a few hurried words of thanks, and then walked rapidly away.

The "Lesbia" steamed away before the end of the week, but he who went in her Marjorie could not learn. She was sitting on the beach knitting while the babies rolled on the sands at her feet, when suddenly she found Mr. Daryll smiling down at her, and Miss Eda's arms about her neck.

They will never let her leave them again. There will always be a place in their pretty home for the tried and trusted humble friend who made such a venture in order to win back their happiness.

Molly Barr and her children have missed Marjorie sorely, but Molly is rosy once more with renewed health, and the little ones are comforted with her promise of a yearly visit.—*The Quiver.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

The Celebrated Electric Dyes are the most lasting of all colors. Warranted strictly pure. 10 cents at Druggists and Grocers.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

RELIABLE.—No remedy has been more earnestly desired and more diligently sought for by the medical profession throughout the world than a reliable, efficient and at the same time a safe and certain purgative. Dr. Harvey's Anti-bilious and Purgative Pills supply this want.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned beg to return my sincere thanks to the public in general, for the support that has been extended to me in the Hotel business during the past forty years; and I hope by strict attention to business, to still receive a share of public patronage. I would also announce that, on and after May 1st, the bar as well as the other parts of the house, will be under my control, and having engaged efficient help, the guests of the House may rely on receiving every attention. As heretofore, I am determined that my table and bar will be supplied with the best.

I have the honor to be your humble servant,

M. H. MOIR.

Huntingdon, April 28th, 1886. 1otf

REMOVAL.

F. W. BATES would intimate to the public that he has removed to Hunter Street, opposite the organ factory. All orders for tanning, carriage, etc., promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Huntingdon, Sept. 8th, 1886. 33tf

Caskets & Coffins.

The Subscriber keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Caskets and Coffins in all styles and prices.

Burial Robes, Coffin Plates, &c., kept in stock.

First-class Hearse. Prices reasonable.

MRS. A. HENDERSON.

CASKETS & COFFINS

Always on hand, a fine assortment of Casets and Coffins in all sizes.

BURIAL ROBES, PLATES, Etc., Always on hand.

Orders filled at all hours, and prices moderate.

N. B.—Purchasers can have the use of Hearse free.

30—tf D. SHANKS.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

BY MARION WOODS.

In this case, the date between the sentence and the day he was to hang was so far apart—a matter of three months—that what is called the death-watch in a prison was set immediately instituted. In most cases, as soon as a prisoner is sentenced to the gallows he is changed to a different cell, and is placed under surveillance night and day for fear he will cheat the hangman. It is only at the very last that the condemned man gives up all hope and begins to face the inevitable.

In this case there was an appeal, and when that was denied, the lawyers held out hopes that the Governor would commute the sentence, and the death-watch was not necessary until the third day before the execution. The man who hoped up with hope, and while in that state of mind there was no fear of a attempting his life. When the lawyer finally came and told him that the last hope was shattered, and that he must prepare to die, the condemned man sat for a moment like one petrified, and I'll take my oath that I heard his heart beat six feet away. He turned white as snow, his teeth set, his eyes stared vacantly, and it was touch and go whether he would develop into a lunatic or preserve his sanity. His great mental strength finally triumphed, and with a sob and a gasp he shook off his terror and the death-watch was begun.

I was with him on his last night. He was a large, powerful fellow, in the full bloom of health and manhood, and the thought of death in but only twenty or fourteen hours longer to live was a terrible thing to face. He was moody and silent for an hour before he went to bed and I sat with my back to the door of his cell and preferred not to break the silence. Two or three times he turned on me as if he meant to seize and strangle me, but the thought came that that step would dearly would set on him, and he controlled himself. By-and-bye, he flung himself down on a couch and began to sob. It came to me that I should have remained awake and listened all night moaning in his misery. The despair and desperation he was carrying the moments and hours away. The light of the gas jet above the two had gone out beneath the two ends of the door and fell upon his face, and I moved softly nearer to his bed. I felt that I could hardly recognize him. Over his face had crept the tenderness and gentleness and innocence of youth, and I almost looked for him to open his lips and whisper the childish prayer of "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

By-and-bye the face grew harder, and the gentleness faded quite away while the man breathed differently. The boy was gone and the man with his crime remained. "If you want to sleep, sir," he said, "before you go to bed, do not waste an hour. He changed again in a moment, and I saw visibly whence I had seen innocence. The mouth grew hard and stern, the jaw had a dogged set, and I recognized the face before me belonging to one who had committed a double murder.

He muttered in his sleep and groaned. The face of the villain faded quite away, and its wickedness was replaced by a shade of weariness and anxiety. Was he going over his last days? Then came waves of hope and despair, one just such a comparison of the life as would have been the case in a waking man making up his mind to die the game. Hope had been abandoned, but he would show the crowd at the foot of the gallows that he could die game. He was dreaming that the fatal hour had arrived. His determined look suddenly disappeared, and was replaced by an instant by a shade of fear. The Sheriff had come to read his warrant, to the death warrant and prepare him for death. The old dogged, determined expression came back, and he gritted his teeth. His arms were being pinioned. Then, for a moment he had his breath as if listening. Was it to the voice of the holy man in prayer in his cell, or to the subdued murmurs of the rabble gathered outside? He was not yet melted—not discouraged. He shut his lips tightly for he was going to the scaffold, and he would show them that he could die like a man. He mounted the steps of the gallows. I had followed eleven men to the foot of the scaffold and up the steps, and I knew just where to place the dreamer. As he ascended the platform his face changed again. He seemed surprised as he looked down upon the crowd—in despair as he looked up at the morning sun and realized that he was looking his last upon the earth. Then his face was covered, and the rope was around his neck. He had some emotion in the crowd—some one coming to exalt over his dying agonies.

Now the two or three holy men who had accompanied him to the scaffold were praying, and the prisoner seemed to listen with respect. Then the sheriff gently pulled him back on the trap and adjusted the noose and tied his ankles. The face of the sleeper betrayed great agitation, but he gritted his teeth and fought back the awful terror struggling to master him. All the holy men were singing, but I doubt if he caught a word. As they ended the hymn the black cap was pulled over his face. No human eyes but mine could see through it. His face was blanched and drawn and changed until I started back in horror. The eyes expressed dread and terror—the muscles of the throat twitched and jerked—the teeth clicked together, and great drops of perspiration stood out on forehead and neck. He was waiting to be dropped into eternity.

There came a crash as the trap sprung, and a look of the most horrible agony dwelt on the face for a moment. His eyes gazed fair into mine as his body swung to and fro, and the expression made chills creep over me. Softly, slowly, amid deepest silence, the face began to pale, the hands to relax, and the eyes to droop, and I knew that the terrors of Death were over. I waited with the crowd until the body hung long and lifeless, and then I descended to see it cut down. At the last step but one I fell and—— I could not have said —I who had been sat as a death-watch over a prisoner's last hours in his cell. I had dreamed it all, but I started awake in my chair—the gas was burning bright—the prisoner was before me on the couch. There had been no change. The man was breathing as eventy as before. That was all that had happened to me. I rose cautiously and looked in his face, and the scream I uttered, brought a corridor guard to the door in an instant. The condemned was dead!

"Stone dead!" said the prison doctor, after he had examined the body. "It's a very curious case."

SOME SHORT SERMONS.

BY BORTHER GARDNER.

A note has been left on my desk axing me why de present age has not produced a Cicero, Diogenes or Milton. I answer to de effeck dat each age has produced of itself an' furnished.

Diogenes was looked upon as a wise man in his day an' age. Put him an' his tub on airth to-day, an' it wouldn't be twenty-four hours befo' he'd be jerked to de jug for a crank, an' de law would take him to put his ha'r, dig out his finger nails an' put on a clean shirt.

Cicero was applauded by thousands for his natural oratory. At dat age de gift of gab was a rare thing. In dis age you kin attend a fire or lawsuit fo' any Justice of de Peace an' find a match for Cicero in a three dollar lawyer. He could sleep down among 'em at 5 drummin' he was a bad fox, an' have a rip at him, an' would be looked upon as a tedious reformer.

Shakespeare was a bigam far de age in which he lived. He was probably the only person on airth who could have writ his writings an' he deserved all praise. If he was among us to-day he'd find eberry newspaper givin' him de gas, an' all de boys pullin' out "ole stunt" as his works on pawned in Seaside form. His age demands a different style. We want smaller 'bout surge's man' down an' takin' leetle chill on straight up to three an' gets 'em just alive to Texas an' takin' half a dozen Injuns a day for a weasitam. We want plain English, while it am only fair to admit dat dis gwine fo' reg'lar knocks all de knocks out o' his works. Dis chap has predicts Fo'th's 'passons, we's his way an' de' Shakespeare did. He walks a'l around him in de gapel, de readers has'n an opportunity an' for most of men.

Shakespeare was a big gun for his age, but lost you angles wich a chap covertin' around die history of his day. In every line he would be hunted in de Ninth Ward, a ruler would give him de collar an' walk him down, an' de next mornin' you'd see it in de papers dat de Nero was sent up for sixty days fur disturbin' de peace.

We has no poet to deal Milton, but if we had, de newspapers wouldn't give him a fair show. They'd refer to his poe'd as — or spring poetry, an' he'd likely be booked de Hoosier Hoosier of Indiana. Dis age demands de poetry that as soon as de nature pork, an' a chap like Milton would be to have a hard tongue to make a livin'.

De age has got right as great man in any line. When it does he will be to de surface an' his name will appear in de papers. We am all no' an' lese centers. We am all nine and' lese was sez lose.

All philosophers an' law use my cynical was'n I'm an rich, an' a bunch whar to nebber let Milton's dun arise chance, an' at an time pah Lemmon who fellow de over production of hoot-jacks.

My advice to you am to keep right on bein' common folks. If you want to git above de common herd you mus'n for your dead soul, de fine an' his love lettin' de faith wid you, so to be'n pak our gins poetry. Jes' keep de humble in my humble aims. Don't hitch to de top, an' read dar mixin' de cold in my wagon. We may some sis, but de rupture neber git for your own orneriness if we keep right on in our own neighborhood' which de names of Stato Gov'nors.

What it Costs James Gordon Bennett to Keep a Yacht

"Of the steam yachts I think James Gordon Bennett's Namouna is the most costly to maintain. Her complement of seamen, engineers, assistant engineers, and double sets of officers and stokers number fifty, and their bill alone calls for $1,700 each month. Her captain receives $300 for the same period, while the chef steward and galley hands manage to claim $300. The waiters about the saloons are paid fairly similar to that of the sailors, and Mr. Bennett's amusements receive $2,500 a year. To feed these men almost $1,500 must expended each month, which includes fees for hot'ling the guests and owner's table; nor does it take in incidental items, which embrace everything from cannon ammunition to a marline spike. Another big liability is coal. This is necessity to a steam yacht, and at the lowest market rate costs four dollars a ton. The fuel of the Namouna averages $2,000 per month. At a moderate estimate, then, her monthly expenses are $4,000. At a moderate estimate, then, her monthly extinguished, not even on Sunday. She is in commission nearly the year. Annually the uniforms of the sailors must be outfitted and those of the men supplied. $1,000 more, for the yacht must cost the bill in accordance with the sailing articles. The vessel must be repaired and replenished as regards canvas, and her sea-going properties, &c., in the main mast, the rigging, at best, at least $2,000 more is expended. I do not mention in that the loss of interest, depreciation and insurance. In all, I should say, to make the Namouna cost $40,000 yearly." Mr. Wittem H. Aster's Nourmahal, a larger boat than the Namouna, does not cost so much to run. She has not been kept in commission so long as the other, so it is expense is not as great. She has not expended $30,000 on his Atalanta.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Rocks That Rise to End.

A singular phenomenon is said to exist in Wilmot's quarry on the Basket Creek, near Van Buren, N.Y. It is a hump, or rise, of 16 to 18 acres. Mr. Wilmot himself tells as the facts, and he brought to our notice with the late Mr. Chase, owner of the land on which the quarry is located to substantiate his words.

Both of the gentlemen affirm that after taking the top off a ledge of rock extending across the floor of the quarry the lowest of pavement of these ledges on the form they began the quarrying of the slabs, there would be found near the middle a ridge or hump is only an inch or two above the level of the quarry, and after a few months the rock becomes some distance apart, and this rise in the middle of the bed rock. About ten days later the top of the hump had risen ten feet and thereabouts. The top of the middle of the ridge in some cases burst, and slabs would be thrown off with a loud report. An examination showed that the floor had been raised about eighteen inches or more in a circle of nine feet.

This was at first ascribed to the heat, as it was in the afternoon and the sun shone in very hot upon the ledge; but as it was also raised in the morning, or when there was no sun, it was evidently caused by something in the rock itself. The removal of the top ledges and the slabs of which the upper portion of the rock had been composed, it was thought, permitted it to expand, as it formed in the middle of the bed rock, and it being confined at the sides by a large force, and on Friday the men found on going to the quarry in the morning, that the ledge had, not been in the place. But that during the night an immense convex of stone had risen in the centre of the ledge, extending across the eleven feet, that it had risen to a height of seven inches, and sloping gradually to the level of the rock. The opening to the rise of a house, each side of the ledge. The workmen were instructed not to disturb the rock, and Mr. Wilmot told us on Saturday that he was going to have the rock, in its then position, photographed.—*Castleton (N.Y.) Echo.*

Bridget (who has been sent to crack some nuts in preparation for Mrs. Black's little dinner party to be held during the evening, enters with a few badly cracked ones in a plate)—"An' indade, Missus Black, Oi'll loose me place befo' Ol break me tathe a-crackin' any more of thim nuts. Mo jaw's all lame now, as it is, so it is."

Charge of the Light Brigade.

Lord Cardigan had formed his ten squadrons in two lines, numbering, from the right, the 13th Light Dragoons, the 17th Lancers, and the 11th Hussars; in the second, the 8th Hussars and the 4th Light Dragoons. Lord Lucan did not approve of this arrangement; and therefore withdrew the 11th Hussars from the first line, he placed them in the left rear of the 17th Lancers. Thus the brigade formed three lines. The whole did not amount to many more than 600 men. Lord Cardigan took post in front of the centre of the first line. He was conspicuous, for he wore the uniform of the 11th Hussars, with its bright cherry-colored trousers and gorgeous jacket, and he rode a strong and beautiful chestnut horse, with white heels. The signal was given, and—

"Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred."

The brigade went over the shoulder of the hill at a trot. At once they came under the fire of the guns on the Fedoukine Heights. The brave Nolan was in the van. He had not gone far when a piece of shell struck him, ripping open his chest. His horse wheeled round, and amid his mortal cries, still clinging to the saddle, was borne back through the intervals of the advancing cavalry. Aware of the mistake he had made, Lord Cardigan pressed on, his gaze intent on the redoubts and the Russian guns in rear of the valley, some a mile and a quarter away. The guns on their left, the battery in front, served by Cossacks—who only stopped to fire the horse artillery—rained shot and after every sixth round, so that their fire might be rapid—the guns from the redoubts on their right sent shot, and shell, and grape, into the brilliant and swiftly gliding lines, the thunder of whose trampling hoofs was heard afar. The ranks were broken. Horses stumbled and rolled over, and rose again screaming with agony; and men fell, some shot dead, with the grip of the bridle in their hands, some clutching at their saddles and others, in a bewildered state, came hurrying back. The valley was strewed with horses. The brigade were not of cavalry as the squadrons on their left, or the squadrons of the 4th Dragoons on the ground, till on the other side of the field. No wonder that when after a little of it a cheer was raised, and the few weary and panting survivors of the advance, rushing on the Russian guns, sabred the gunners as they stood.

Two more sight of this steadfast fierce advance, and the horse of the enemy did so terribly that they hesitated, drew back, and seeing that the guns were taken, retreated to the rear as soon as it made a gap in their masses. The general Liprandi, "forced General Liprandi to retire by the road that leads to Tchorgoum. But the remnants of the brigade could push back nearer to Kamara, and ran into some Russians. "The enemy's attack," said Lucan Liprandi, "was most ambitious. He charged our cavalry, in spite of the grape fired with great precision from six guns of the light battery, No. 7, in spite of the fire of the skirmishers of the regiment of Odessa and the rifles of the Russian left, and of a battery on the Fedoukine heights. Lord Cardigan charged with the remains of the first line they had, and in the advance was wounded; the Russian General's horse was killed, and he himself so nearly had his leg carried off. Even unhesitatingly this men of indomitable courage, some unhurt, small regiments and detachments of the Don Cossacks, and such deadly fire, and even bleeding from the front. In some instances, about Brigade cavalry, of which there was a good deal, the British cavalry who went back in large numbers, a while and while not much in. So, strong, dashed in. The general from the right, some left, though, were drawn. Sabres, the artillerymen, drawn in the whole fight, and some of them were sacrificed. The squadrons of Cossack cavalry on the left, a fearful scene was enacted. Lord Cardigan and his officers, with the 17th, passed the guns, and were at once engaged with the Cossacks, but Lord Cardigan rode back, having been borne back some two hundred yards. But the Russians, who on seeing the spectacle which they had before them, were so astonished by its audacity that for a little they did not realize where they were, and, after some time moving in from various points, the Russian Cossacks began to advance, a few began to move from the left, and some of the brigade passed the battery. Some of the men were seen galloping right into the Russian cavalry, and who had fallen back towards Tchorgoum.

The Velocity of the Moon.

From the article on "The Sarconantings of the Sun," by Professor Langley, in the *Century*, we quote the following: —"We can faintly picture, perhaps, how the sunlit moon, from a distant point, would appear to an observer looking upward. It would be necessary, as we might infer, that the moon moving at a speed of considerably more than a mile a second, and with a velocity greater than that of a cannon-ball in its swiftest flight; but with equal speed its shadow actually sweeps over the earth's surface; and if we return from our imaginary station to a real one here below, we are better prepared to see why this flying shadow is a noiseless spectacle; for, small as it may be when seen in relation to the whole globe, it is immense to us, and passes over us in a moment that it is nearly impossible to grasp it. How it looks to one who sees its coming from some point of view a few miles high, as from an Alpine top, I confess, is the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the cases of sudden, silent, unexpected movement, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse.' Another witness who had been looking at some bright clouds, says: 'I had not seen anything, but it was, as the brightness died out of the sky, and the dark shadow swept on, and just before there was like the rising of some mighty wind, a portentous noise, which caused that one to be an intensely frightful,' and the sun's fall of an approaching gloom gave it a trembling and a very bewildering silence and terror that suddenly drew down on us—'the noise of a mighty wind.'"

Stop and read this.

—o—

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, sole manufacturers of the justly celebrated

LARDINE MACHINE OIL

unexcelled for all machinery purposes.

Farmers and others will find it to their advantage to use

LARDINE

and thus save their machinery from wearing. So don't be mislead. The only genuine "LARDINE" is that manufactured by

McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

For sale by Local Dealers.

B. LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES are the only genuine English articles in the Canadian market. Real pebbles are kept in stock. Tests are given to prove genuineness. They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada, the President of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec, the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University, the President and Ex-President of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c., &c. These recommendations should be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed, call on

J. W. SAUNDERS

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,

Opposite Post Office HUNTINGDON, QUE.

Will Cure

Sick Headache

Constipation, Dyspepsia, Distress after Eating, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Pain in the Side, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Sallow Skin, and all disorders caused by a bilious state of the system.

They do this without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, and there is no pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. It is no longer necessary to scour one's insides out with the old fashioned purgative pills, and they are fast giving way to the gentle action of this mild and pleasant remedy.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike all other pills, and are a marvel of all who use them. They are small, strictly vegetable, and are the easily taken by young or old without a thought of the presence of medicine. If you try them you will certainly be pleased. In vials at 25 cents; or 5 for $1.00. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

A sheet of ... handsome Advertising ... sent on receipt of ...

THE SUN

Life Assurance Company OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE — MONTREAL.

THOMAS WORKMAN, Esq., President.
R. MACAULAY, Esq., Managing Director
R. WILKINS, Esq., M.D., Medical Officer

Assets, $1,300,000.
Surplus to Policyholders, $525,000.

ASSURE IN THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

1. The Sun is a Home Company, investing all its funds in Canada, and has thus a special claim on Canadian Assurers.

2. It is a strong and progressive Company with large and well secured Assets.

3. Its rates are low and its profits to Policy-holders large and equitably divided.

4. The Sun alone issues an absolutely Unconditional Life Policy. Great care is taken in the selection of risks, but the policy is issued by the Sun on the simple proof of the death of the Assured, no matter how, or when, or where, or the amount of the premium. The only condition is the payment of premium.

5. The Sun has not one contested or disputed claim on its books.

J. C. BRUCE, Agent, HUNTINGDON

Electricity?

Electricity?

Electricity is all very well in the telegraph and telephone, but in a bar of Soap what is called Electric Soap) we venture to say the quantity is so small that it could be no more called electrical to be as useful as this preferable electricity to be used by being a cat's back.

USE DARLING'S DIPLOMA SOAP for easy washing, without any of the usual objectionable to the hands.

DARLING & BRADY, Mfrs, Montreal.

Bargains!

Bargains!

Just Received

Lines of

COTTONADE,
GINGHAMS,
PRINTS,
COTTONS,
HOSIERY &
WALLPAPER,

Bought from jobbers at immense reductions to clear out Spring and Summer Stocks.

Now is your time to get bargains.

Highest prices paid for Wool, Eggs, Oats, Barley, Peas and Beans

AT

McCAFFREY'S

TROUT RIVER LINES.

July 19th, 1886.

"SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN"

Established 1846.

The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication, furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N.Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents.

Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

George L. Jordan, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE at JORDAN BROTHERS' Store, BURKE, N. Y. All calls by day or night promptly attended to. Telephone connections. 5-tf

MARJORIE'S ERRAND.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

Mrs. Lennardson was looking vexed as well as worried when she came out the housekeeper's room to join her daughters; and she waved away the drawing one of them held up for her inspection.

"By and by, Nora; I cannot look at it now. Was there ever anything so provoking? I thought we were suited with really good, reliable servants. Cook manages for us admirably; the new housemaid will do with a little instruction; and Marjorie—why, I was beginning to think of Marjorie as a fixture; one of those stolid, awkward, but thoroughly trustworthy women, who would never think of going away to better herself; and here she has just been giving me notice."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Nora and Winnie Lennardson, in the same breath. "But perhaps," added the former, "Marjorie left a sweetheart at her country home, and is going back there to be married."

"If that were the case, one should feel bound to say no more; but the exasperating part of the affair is that she will not confess why she proposes leaving us; indeed she reddens and seems quite distressed when I question her; and not only persists in giving up her place, but wants to do so at once. Cook tells me she packed her box early this morning, so eager is she to be off!"

"Will it be right to let her leave us so hastily?" queried Nora. "She is a stranger in London, and has always seemed too steady and reserved to make any acquaintances."

"She has no intention of staying in London," Mrs. Lennardson replied, "I satisfied myself on that point. Neither has she another situation in view; but beyond a 'Yes' or a 'No,' she is so obstinately silent that at last I came away quite angry."

"Why not turn her over to Eda, mamma?" asked Winnie, when the three ladies had exhausted their surprises and their conjectures. "Ever since Marjorie had that illness in the winter she has attached herself to Eda, who was certainly very kind to her. If it is awe of you that seals her lips, my sister may persuade her to be more communicative."

"I wish that Eda would try," Mrs. Lennardson responded, turning to her youngest and prettiest daughter, who had been sitting at a distant table, apparently too much absorbed in a book to hear the animated tones of the speakers. But anyone who had peeped over her shoulder would have seen that the volume was upside down, with the page at which it lay open blistered with the tears that had fallen upon it.

However, she came forward as soon as she was appealed to, and readily promised to try the effect of her influence on Marjorie. If Eda Lennardson had a secret sorrow just then—if she were suffering from a miserable consciousness that pride and a hasty temper had parted her forever from one who was very dear to her, that same pride helped her to conceal her regrets. Winnie and Nora often confided to each other that their sister could not have been very deeply attached to Austin Daryll; and Mrs. Lennardson, though she sighed over her daughter's folly in quarrelling with a man who would have been an excellent husband, rejoiced, too, that Eda bore their sudden separation so bravely.

A sudden influx of visitors drove the subject of Marjorie into the background till she came into the room where her favorite amongst her young mistresses was changing her dress for dinner.

Mrs. Lennardson's under-housemaid was tall, strong, and swarthy; a girl who was mocked and teased by her fellow-servants for what they considered her old fashioned ways, as well as the slowness and clumsiness of her movements.

And yet they liked her too; if her honesty and firm adherence to the teachings of her youth not infrequently proved irritating and at variance with their laxer notions of right, she was always so good-tempered and obliging, so ready to take upon her own shoulders the tasks no one else cared for, that they would miss her greatly.

"Is it true that we are going to lose you?" Eda said to her as she went about the room on tiptoe, picking up dropped articles, folding and putting away skirts and bodices, and making the apartment resume the air of exquisite neatness that, as its owner would laughingly admit, it had never worn till Marjorie elected herself to the office of Miss Eda's maid. "Is it true, or have you thought better of your resolution? We shall be sorry to lose you unless you convince us that it is for your good."

"Thank you, Miss Eda, thank you," said Marjorie hoarsely, her strongly marked features glowing with emotion; but here she paused till the young lady glanced at her over her shoulder, querying kindly:

"Well, how is it to be? You will stay here a little longer?"

Then Marjorie took courage to say that, on the contrary, she should like to go on the morrow if possible, and Eda resumed the brushing of her hair with a shrug of her shoulders. If the stupid girl was determined to have her own way, what was the use of saying more?

But presently, as Marjorie was smoothing the ruffled contents of a collar-box, a little white hand was laid on her arm.

"I'm afraid, Madge, it's my fault you are leaving us. I know that of late I have frequently forgotten myself, and spoken to you as no woman should speak to one who serves her faithfully. But I have been in trouble; let this be my excuse; and in future I will be less selfish, more considerate."

Marjorie's eyes were moist now, and she was quivering in every limb.

"You shouldn't have said this to me, Miss Eda! Have I ever minded a cross word from you? Haven't I seen and know—"

But the rising flush in the young lady's cheek may have warned her that she was treading on dangerous ground, for Marjorie checked herself, and waited till she could speak in calmer tones.

"You must let me go, please, Miss. I shan't be able to content myself without."

"But where are you going? Home?"

After some hesitation, Marjorie named a well-known seaport on the northeast coast, coupling the information with a timid request to be told the best way of getting there.

"For whose sake are you doing this?" Eda demanded; and when the girl only hung her head and gave no reply, surprise and sorrow that she should be so rash prompted another and more urgent question.

"Can you take with you the comfort of knowing that you are acting rightly?"

Marjorie pondered awhile, then her eyes brightened.

"You see, Miss Eda, there's many things which young ladies as have been carefully brought up wouldn't choose to do that the likes of me can see no harm in. But please don't ask me any more questions," she added imploringly. "I didn't make up my mind to this till I'd thought it well out—on my knees."

After this, what more could Eda say? She knew Marjorie followed her to the door when she quitted the room, and even to the top of the stairs; but she would not look back and say the good bye for which the girl was evidently pining; and when, on the morrow, she repented, and went in search of her, it was too late; Marjorie, carrying with her a bundle of necessaries, was gone.

II.

The sight of a neatly dressed young woman loitering on the beach long after the grey mists of twilight had driven the visitors away, and the children to bed, attracted the notice of half-a-dozen cottage mothers who were filling their pitchers and pails at the spring bubbling out of the cliff-side.

It was a busy time in the fishermen's quarter. It was the mackerel season, and the catches were unusually large. Every morning the boats came into the bay laden with their silvery prizes, and the fishers' wives worked hard at washing and packing for the London markets, or, when this was over, tramped the streets of the seaport town offering the surplus fish from door to door.

If money was tolerably plentiful in consequence, so that the hard times of the winter were almost forgotten, it was earned by hard labor; and if the men risked their lives by night the women were not idle by day.

When the contents of the boats had been disposed of, there were nets to mend, food to cook, clothes to patch and dry, and if last not least, the children to look after. And what a flock of them there always were!—daring, restless, white haired, sun-browned little monkeys, always climbing into dangerous places, or slipping off the end of the quay, to be fished up again half-drowned; and yet, how happy they were!

One of the women, who was resting awhile before she carried away her pitcher, gave a half-envious sigh as she, too, turned to watch the stranger. Molly Barr was not as stoutly built as the rest, and looked so unequal to her daily toils, that she might be excused for the peevish tone her voice had taken when she added her remark to the gossiping comments of the others.

"She's waiting for her lad, no doubt; but if she knew as much as we do, she'd go home and think no more of him. She'll wish she had if ever she's like me with six hungry boys, neither of them big enough to help father; and twins in the cradle that's more trouble to me than all the rest."

"Ah! but, Molly, you wouldn't be without your baby girls in spite of your grumbling," she was reminded.

"And you've got a man that doesn't drink away a penny of his earnings," said another. "Jim Barr never comes reeling home to frighten his bairns with his shoutings, or to blacken your eyes with his fists."

"Oh, you poor soul!" cried Molly pitifully. "Has Sam been beating you again?"

The enquiry led to a tale of a wife's wrongs, so thrilling, that who could help stopping to listen?

The twins in the cradle were forgotten, and so was the solitary stranger on the beach, till half an hour afterwards Molly Barr found this identical girl sitting on the step of her cottage door, with her bundle beside her.

She was roughly but not unkindly questioned, and answered without hesitation that she had come from London that day, and wanted work; but when asked why she had come here, she did not answer.

"Where are you going to get a decent bed at this time o' night? You can't go to the public—'tain't fitting you should. What work can you do?"

"Anything," responded Marjorie Gray, eagerly. "I'm strong and I'm willing."

"And so am I, willing enough," said Molly, with something like a groan, as she hurried into the cottage to still the wails of one of the infants; but as for strong; I wish I were! But step in; you look a respectable sort of a body. You shall have half my bed to-night, and when the boats come in there will be work enough for a few hours if you can turn up your sleeves and wash mackerel."

There was plenty of wondering when Molly came to the tubs in the early morning, accompanied by Marjorie, and two or three of the women were disposed to resent her presence among them, but she was so quiet and obliging that the murmurs died away as soon as the hurry and bustle of filling the baskets commenced, and by her promptitude and skill in binding up a badly cut hand she won for herself the good-will of the fishermen.

Jim Barr grumbled a little when he found her in his cottage. "Wasn't it so full already," he asked, "that there was hardly room to set his own foot down? Though," he hastily added, with a glance at his wife's pale cheeks, "if she were willing to help a bit with the youngsters, he shouldn't say no to it."

Marjorie had not waited for this. She was capable as well as industrious, and not only the fretful twins, but the smaller of the boys were carried off to a shady nook on the sands, and there amused and kept out of mischief while both the fisherman and his wife obtained a few hours of the rest they needed.

All that day and many succeeding ones she labored for the kindly woman who had unhesitatingly given her shelter, and Molly Barr's voice lost its sharpness and her face its weary look now Marjorie shared her burdens. The children, too, were not so unmanageable nor the cottage so untidy; neither did Jim Barr's pocket suffer through this addition to his family circle, for the new member of it insisted on giving up all her earnings to his wife, and even supplemented it on rent day with a few shillings from the small sum she hoarded in her bosom, because it might be needed by-and-by to carry her back to London.

All day and every day Marjorie toiled for those who befriended her, but in the evening, when the children slept, she would find her way to the end of the quay, and question the coastguardsmen or the old sailors hanging about there.

These inquiries always took the same form. There was a yacht named the Lesbia that, unless she had been misinformed, would put in here for certain stores before her owner steamed away to the South Pacific; could no one tell Marjorie when it would arrive?

"Sir William won't leave Cowes till after the regatta," said one of the old salts.

"Was there any danger of the Lesbia having left England without calling here at all?"

But the suggestion was loudly scouted. Sir William was too prudent to start on a long voyage short-handed and two of men he had engaged for it lived in the neighborhood, and had received orders to hold themselves in readiness. No, no, the Lesbia had not started for the Pacific yet.

"Have ye got a sweetheart aboard of her, my lass?" asked one of the old men.

But the girl's "No," was spoken too gravely to be doubted; and yet she would stand on the beach in the roughest weather, straining her eyes to be first to catch sight of the yacht. What could be the errand connected with it that had brought her here?

At last the "Lesbia" steamed into the bay and Marjorie left her work and even deserted the babies, in her eagerness to reach the quay before the yacht's boat brought on shore the owner of the vessel and the friend who were to accompany him on his voyage.

Looking once again the neat, respectable handmaid of the Lennardsons, stood Marjorie, scanning the faces of the gentlemen as they landed, till she descried the one she was longing to behold.

Involuntarily she locked her hands together, and her heart beat loud and fast. On the next five minutes and on the words she was about to say there was much depending. What if her courage failed her, and she blundered? Or what if her well-meant interposition were in vain? How could she—so ignorant, so awkward—hope to do any good?

Sir William and some of his companions walked past her, talking and laughing as they went, and then Marjorie stepped forward and curtseyed to one of the two gentlemen who were following more leisurely.

His friend moved on, but he though surprised, stopped and raised his hat courteously.

"Do I know you?" he asked, finding that she did not put up the petition he was expecting.

"No, sir," Marjorie made answer; "but I used to live with Mrs. Lennardson."

His brows contracted. "What have you to say to me?" he demanded, almost harshly.

"Not many words, sir. Only—that—that it was not Miss Eda who went to Mrs. Fielder's fancy ball; it was her sister, Miss Nora."

The handsome face that had grown dark with sunburn during those last few weeks flushed through the bronze, and Marjorie was eyed incredulously. Aware that the gay, thoughtless Mrs Fielder drew around her a set of people who were not fit associates for his pure-minded Eda, Mr. Daryll had begged her not to be present at this ball; yet when he returned to town, whence business had called him, he had been assured by an officious friend that Miss Lennardson was one of the guests.

True, Eda had denied it, but she blushed when he asked her how she had spent that particular evening, and became so angry when she found herself suspected of deceiving him, that they had quarreled and parted.

"How do you know what you have just asserted?" Mr. Daryll asked, in such stern tones that Marjorie trembled; but she answered promptly—

"I know it because I was ill at the time, and Miss Eda came and sat by my bed all that night and the next, bathing my hot head, and helping me with her kindness to bear the pain."

Here, then, was the solution of Eda's blushes and hesitation. She could not bring herself to confess what she had done, lest her lover should say, as her sisters had said, that she carried her compassion to absurd lengths.

"My good girl"—how his voice had softened—"did Miss Eda send you to tell me these things?"

"No one sent me; but when she fainted after she read in the paper that you were going away in the Lesbia, and I saw her so unhappy—"

Tears were choking Marjorie, and Mr. Darryll's friends were calling him. He said a few hurried words of thanks, and then walked rapidly away.

The "Lesbia" steamed away before the end of the week, but who went in her Marjorie could not learn. She was sitting on the beach knitting while the babies rolled on the sands at her feet, when suddenly she found Mr. Daryll smiling down at her, and Miss Eda's arms about her neck.

They will never let her leave them again. There will always be a place in their pretty home for the tried and trusted humble friend who made such a venture in order to win back their happiness.

Molly Barr and her children have missed Marjorie sorely, but Molly is rosy once more with renewed health, and the little ones are comforted with her promise of a yearly visit.—*The Quiver.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The Celebrated Electric Dyes are the most lasting of all colors. Warranted strictly pure. 10 cents at Druggists and Grocers.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

RELIABLE.—No remedy has been more earnestly desired and more diligently sought for by the medical profession throughout the world than a reliable, efficient and at the same time a safe and certain purgative. Dr. Harvey's Anti-bilious and Purgative Pills supply this want.

Card of Thanks.

I the undersigned beg to return my sincere thanks to the public in general, for the support that has been extended to me in the Hotel business during the past forty years; and I hope by strict attention to business, to still receive a share of public patronage. I would also announce that, on and after May 1st, the bar as well as the other parts of the house, will be under my control, and having engaged efficient help, the guests of the House may rely on receiving every attention. As heretofore, I am determined that my table and bar will be supplied with the best.

I have the honor to be
your humble servant,
M. H. MOIR.
Huntingdon, April 28th, 1888. 1stf

REMOVAL.

F. W. BATES would intimate to the public that he has removed to Hunter Street, opposite the organ factory. All orders for teaming, cartage, etc., promptly attended to. Rates reasonable.
Huntingdon, Sept. 8th, 1888. 35tf

Caskets & Coffins.

The Subscriber keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Caskets and Coffins in all styles and prices.

Burial Robes, Coffin Plates, &c., kept in stock.

First-class Hearse. Prices reasonable.

MRS. A. HENDERSON.

CASKETS & COFFINS

Always on hand, a fine assortment of Caskets and Coffins in all sizes.

BURIAL ROBES, PLATES, ETC.,
Always on hand.

Orders filled at all hours, and prices moderate.

N. B.—Purchasers can have the use of Hearse free.

20—tf D. SHANKS.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

BY MARION WOODS.

In this case, the date between the sentence and the day he was to hang was so far apart—a matter of three months—that what is called the death-watch in a prison was not immediately instituted. In most cases, as soon as a prisoner is sentenced to the gallows he is changed to a different cell, and is placed under surveillance night and day for fear he will cheat the hangman. It is only at the very last that the condemned man gives up all hope and tries to face the inevitable.

In this case there was an appeal, and when that was denied, the lawyers held out hopes that the Governor would commute the sentence, and the death watch was not necessary until the third day before the execution. The man was buoyed up with hope, and while in that state of mind there was no fear of his attempting his life. When the lawyer finally came and told him that the last hope was shattered, and that he must prepare to die, the condemned man sat for a moment like one petrified, and I'll take my oath that I heard his heart beat six feet away. He turned white as snow, his teeth set, his eyes stared vacantly, and it was touch and go whether he would develop into a lunatic or preserve his sanity. His great mental strength finally triumphed, and with a sob and a gasp he shook off his terror and the death-watch was begun.

I was with him on his last night. He was a large, powerful fellow, in the full bloom of health and manhood, and the thought that he had only twelve or fourteen hours longer to live was a terrible thing to face. He was moody and silent for an hour before he went to bed, and I sat with my back to the door of his cell and preferred not to break the silence. Two or three times he turned on me as if he meant to seize and strangle me, but the thought came that thick walls and doors would still inclose him, and he controlled himself. Bye-and-bye, he flung himself down on the couch and slept. It seemed to me that I should have remained awake and clutched at each fleeting moment, but in his despair and desperation he was hurrying the moments and hours away. The light of the gas jet drove through between the bars of the door and fell upon his face, and I moved softly nearer to study it. I tell you I could hardly recognize him. Over his face had crept the tenderness and gentleness and innocence of youth, and I almost looked for him to open his lips and whisper the child's prayer of "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

Bye-and-bye the face grew harder, and the gentleness faded quite away while the man breathed differently. The boy was innocent no longer. It changed again in a moment, and I saw villainy where I had seen innocence. The mouth grew hard and stern, the jaw had a dogged set, and I recognized the face before me as belonging to one who had committed a double murder.

He must have been dreaming. The face of the villain faded quite away, and its wickedness was replaced by a shade of suspense and anxiety. Was he going over his last days? Then came waves of hope and despair—then just such a compression of the lips as would have been the case in a waking man making up his mind to die game. Hope had been abandoned, but he would show the crowd at the foot of the gallows that he could die game. He was dreaming that the fatal hour had arrived. His determined look suddenly disappeared, and was replaced for an instant by a shade of fear. The Sheriff had come to the cell to read the death warrant and prepare him for the march. The old dogged, determined expression came back, and he gritted his teeth. His arms were being pinioned. Then, for a moment he held his breath as if listening. Was it to the voice of the holy man in prayer in his cell, or to the subdued murmurs of the rabble gathered outside? He was not melted—not dismayed. He shut his lips tightly for the march, and still more tightly as he ascended the steps of the gallows. I had followed eleven men to the foot of the scaffold and up the steps, and I knew just where to place the dreamer. As he ascended the platform his look changed again. He seemed surprised as he looked down upon the crowd—to despair as he looked up at the morning sun and realized that he was looking his last upon earth. Then he scowled fiercely. He had seen some enemy in the crowd some one coming to exult over his dying agonies.

Now the two or three holy men who had accompanied him to the scaffold were praying, and the prisoner seemed to listen with respect. Then the sheriff gently pulled him back on the trap and adjusted the noose and tied his ankles. The face of the sleeper betrayed great agitation, but he gritted his teeth and fought back the awful terror struggling to master him. The holy men were singing, but I doubt if he caught a word. As they ended the hymn the black cap was pulled over his face. No human eyes but mine could see through it. His face was blanched and drawn and changed until I started back in horror. The eyes expressed dread and terror—the muscles of the throat twitched and jerked—the teeth clicked together, and great drops of perspiration stood out on forehead and neck. He was waiting to be dropped into eternity.

There came a crash as the trap sprung, and a look of the most horrible agony dwelt on the face for a moment. His eyes gazed fair into mine as his body swung to and fro, and the expression made chills creep over me. Softly, slowly, amidst deepest silence, the face began to pale, the chin to relax and the eyes to droop, and I knew that the terrors of Death were over. I waited with the crowd until the body hung limp and lifeless, and then I descended to see it cut down. At the last step but one I fell and —— I could not have slept—I, who had been set as a death-watch over a prisoner's last hours. That was impossible. I sat in my chair—the gas burned brightly—the prisoner was before me on the couch. There had been no change. The man was breathing as evenly as before. That was what had startled me from my reverie. I rose carefully up and looked in his face, and the scream I uttered, brought a corridor guard to the door in an instant. The condemned was dead!

"Stone dead!" said the prison doctor, after he had examined the body. "It's a very curious case."

Bridget (who has been sent to crack some nuts in preparation for Mrs. Blank's little dinner party to be held during the evening, enters with a few badly cracked upon a plate)—"An' indade, Missus Blank, Oi'll loose me place befor' Oi break me tathe a-crackin' any more of thim nuts. Me jaw's all lame now, as it is, so it is."

SOME SHORT SERMONS.

BY BROTHER GARDNER.

A note has been left on my desk axin me why de present aige has not produced a Cicero, Diogenes or Milton. I answer to de effeck dat each aige has produced of itself an' fur itself.

Diogenes was looked upon as a wise man in his day an' aige. Put him an' his tub on airth to-day, an' it wouldn't be twenty-four hours befo' he'd be jerked to de jug fur a crank, an' de law would fo'ce him to cut his ha'r, dig out his finger nails an' put on a clean shirt.

Cicero was applauded by thousands fur his murderly oratory. At dat aige a gift of gab was a rare thing. In dis age you kin attend a five dollar lawsuit befo' any Justice of de Peace an' find a match fur Cicero in a three dollar lawyer. If he could drop down among us he'd find it hard work to get a resolushun fur a new sidewalk frew de City Council.

Shakspeare was a bigbug fur de aige in which he lived. He was probably the only person on airth who could have writ his writings, an' he deserved all praise. If he was among us to-day he'd find ebery newspaper givin' him de guy, an' all de boys yellin' out "ole stuff!" as his works appeared in Seaside form. Dis aige demands a different style. We want suthin' 'bout angels comin' down an' takin' leetle chill'en straight up to Heaben, or a feller gwine out to Texas an' killin' half a dozen Injuns a day fur a vacashun. We want plain English, widout any ha'd words in it. We don't know nuffin' 'bout me lord, me duke, me lady an' sich, an' we don' want to. Dis aige has produced 1,500 persons, who, while dey can't write like Shakspeare did, kin waltz all aroun' him in keepin' de reader's ha'r on end from de fust paige to de last.

Nero was a big gun fur his aige, but jest you imagine sich a chap cavortin' aroun' dis kentry at dis day an' date! De werry fust time he sounded his kazoo in de Ninth Ward, a peeler would give him de collar an' walk him down, an' de next mawnin' you'd see it in de papers dat ole Nero was sent up fur sixty days fur disturbin' de peace.

We has no poet to ekal Milton, but if we had, de newspapers wouldn't gin him a fair show. Dey'd refer to his productions as spring poetry, an' he'd likely be dubbed de Incognito Balladist of Indiana. Dis aige don' cry fur poetry half as much as fur pork, an' a chap like Milton would hev to turn a hand organ to make a livin'.

De aige don' demand no great man in any line. When it does he will bob to de surface an' his name will appear in de papers. We am all mo' or less orators. We am all wise 'nuff in our way. We am all philosophers 'nuff to see why water won't run up hill, an' statesmen 'nuff to know dat what ails dis kentry am its overproduction of boot-jacks.

My advice to you am to keep right on being common folks. If you want to git above de common herd pay cash for your groceries; let odder folkses woodpiles alone; keep whisk an' sich at arm's length; put in six days a week at hard work; read mo' skule books an' fewer novels. You may not become a Napoleon nor a Plato, but you'll be remembered in your own nayburhood when de names of State Guv'nors hev bin forgotten.

What it Costs James Gordon Bennett to Keep a Yacht.

"Of the steam yachts I think James Gordon Bennett's Namouna is the most costly to maintain. Her complement of seamen, carpenters, assistant engineers, and double sets of oilers and stokers numbers fifty, and their bill alone calls for \$1,750 each month. Her captain receives \$300 for the same period, while the chief steward and galley retinue manage to claim \$600. The waiters about the saloon secure pay similar to that of the sailors, and Mr. Bennett's amanuensis receives \$2,500 a year. To feed these men almost \$1,500 must expended each month, which amount does not include the guests' and owner's table; nor does it take in incidental items, which embrace everything from cannon ammunition to a marline-spike. Another big liability is coal. This is necessity to a steam yacht, and at the lowest market rate costs four dollars a ton. The fuel of the Namouna averages \$2,000 per month. As I understand it, her fires are never extinguished, not even on Sunday. She is in commission nine months of the year. Annually the uniforms of the sailors must be refitted, and these cost something like \$1,000 more, for the yacht must foot the bill in accordance with the sailing articles. The vessel must be repaired and replenished as regards canvas, engineer's working apparatus, oil, cordage and deck fixtures, so that at least \$2,000 more is expended. I do not mention in that the loss in annual depreciation and insurance. In all, I think, the Namouna costs her owner \$100,000 each year. Mr. William B. Astor's Nourmahal, a bigger boat than the Namouna, does not eat up more than [illegible]. She has not been in commission this season, so that her expenses are very [illegible] Jay Gould must expend \$70,000 on his Atalanta.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Rocks That Rise on End.

A singular phenomenon is said to exist in Wilmot's quarry on the Basket Creek, one that baffles all efforts at explanation. Mr. Wilmot himself tells us the facts, and he brought to our office with him Mr. Hinsman, owner of the land on which the quarry is located, to substantiate his words.

Both of the gentlemen affirm that after taking the top of a ledge of rock extending back about eleven feet they began raising the lifts of flagstone. The ledge is only some seven or eight feet high and over a foot long. After a few layers of stone had been taken off it was noticed that the lifts under them began to raise in spots, and in a short time would raise up clear across the ledge, much in the same manner as flooring will occasionally become so swollen as to bulge up at some point in the shape of the roof of a house.

This was at first ascribed to the heat, as it was in the afternoon and the sun shone in very hot upon the ledge; but as fast as one lift was taken off the one below would begin to rise in the middle, as though, being wedged or sprung in at the ends, they raised in the middle as soon as the weight was off. The lower in the ledge the men got the stronger seemed to be the impelling force, and on Friday the men found, on going to work in the morning, when it was cool, that during the night an immense course of stone had risen in the centre of the ledge, extending across the eleven feet, to a height of seven inches, and sloping like the roof of a house, each way, to the ends of the ledge. The workmen were instructed not to disturb the rock, and Mr. Wilmot told us on Saturday that he was going to have the rock, in its then position, photographed.—*Callicoon (N.Y.) Echo.*

Charge of the Light Brigade.

Lord Cardigan had formed his ten squadrons in two lines, numbering, from the right, the 13th Light Dragoons, the 17th Lancers, and the 11th Hussars; in the second, the 8th Hussars and the 4th Light Dragoons. Lord Lucan did not approve of this arrangement; and drawing the 11th Hussars from the first line, he placed them in the left rear of the 17th Lancers. Thus the brigade formed three lines. The whole did not amount to many more than 600 men. Lord Cardigan took post in front of the centre of the first line. He was conspicuous, for he wore the uniform of the 11th Hussars, with its bright cherry-colored trousers and gorgeous jacket, and he rode a strong and beautiful chestnut horse, with white heels. The signal was given, and—

"Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred."

The brigade went over the shoulder of the hill at a trot. At once they came under the fire of the guns on the Fedoukine Heights. The brave Nolan was in the van. He had not gone far when a piece of shell struck him, ripping open his chest. His horse swerved round, and throwing his arms aloft, and shrieking so piercingly that his screams were heard above the uproar, bore him back into the brigade and fell dead. On went the brigade. In the race of death they had to run, the course was more than a mile long. The guns on their left, the battery in front, served by Cossacks—who only sponged out after every sixth round, so that their fire might be rapid—the guns from the redoubt on their right, sent shot, and shell, and grape, into the brilliant and swiftly gliding lines, the thunder of whose trampling hoofs was heard afar. The ranks were broken. Horses stumbled and rolled over, and rose again screaming with agony; and men fell, some shot dead, with the grim smile of battle on their faces; some in mortal anguish, some unhurt. The valley was strewed with heroes. The tempest of deadly hail ceased not to rush through the air. But on went the brigade, "with a halo of flashing steel above their heads," and a dauntless purpose in their hearts.

The mere sight of this steadfast band sweeping down upon them made upon the Russians an impression so terrible that they instinctively drew back. "Their fierce attack," writes General Liprandi, "forced General Ryjoff to retire by the road that leads to Tchorgoun." The infantry on the left went back nearer to Kamara, and ran into squares. "The enemy's attack," continues Liprandi, "was most pertinacious. He charged our cavalry, in spite of the grape fired with great precision from six guns of the light battery, No. 7, in spite of the fire of the skirmishers of the regiment 'Odessa' on the Russian left, and of a company of riflemen on the right wing, and even unheeding the guns of General Yabrokritski," on the slopes of the Fedoukine Heights. Even unheeding all this mass of destructive machinery, did the Light Brigade swoop on. The steadfast artillerymen fired their last round as the first line, rent and torn, closed upon the muzzles, and, with a fierce clear, dashed in. The gunners were caught before they could retire, and only those escaped who crept under the guns and waggons. Some Cossacks charged to save their guns. Lord Cardigan had encounters with several, but escaped with a lance through his sleeve, and then he "rode away apparently unhurt." After the first line came Colonel Douglas with the 11th, and then the 4th and 8th. In a short space the first line, which had charged home so impetuously, was now broken into groups, and began to straggle back; but some of them meeting the 11th, faced about once more and went on. All the regiments had passed the battery. Some of the men were even galloping right into the Russian cavalry, who had fallen back towards Tchorgoun.

The Velocity of the Moon.

From the article on "The Surroundings of the Sun," by Professor Langley, in the *Century*, we quote the following:—"We can faintly picture, perhaps, how it would seem, from a station near the lunar orbit, to see the moon—a moving world—rush by with a velocity greater than that of the cannon-ball in its swiftest flight; but with equal speed its shadow actually travels along the earth; and now, if we return from our imaginary station to a real one here below, we are better prepared to see why this flying shadow is such a unique spectacle; for, small as it may be when seen in relation to the whole globe, it is immense to the observer, whose entire horizon is filled with it, and who sees the actual velocity of one of the heavenly bodies, as it were, brought down to him.

"The reader who has ever ascended to the Superga, at Turin, will recall the magnificent view, and be able to understand the good fortune of an observer (Forbes) who once had the opportunity to witness thence this phenomenon, and under a nearly cloudless sky. 'I perceived,' he says, 'in the south-west a black shadow like that of a storm about to break, which obscured the Alps. It was the lunar shadow coming toward us.' And he speaks of the 'stupefaction'—it is his word—caused by the spectacle. 'I confess,' he continues, 'it was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the cases of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse.' Another witness who had been looking at some bright clouds just before, says—'The bright clouds I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow, and the intensity, produced a feeling that something material was swooping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind.'"

Stop and read this.

—o—

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, sole manufacturers of the justly celebrated

LARDINE MACHINE OIL

unexcelled for all machinery purposes.

Farmers and others will find it to their advantage to use

LARDINE

and thus save their machinery from wearing. So don't be mislead. The only genuine "LARDINE" is that manufactured by

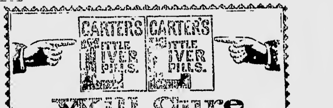
McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

For sale by Local Dealers.

B. LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES are the only genuine English articles in the Canadian market and pebbles are kept in stock. Tests are given to prove genuineness. They are recommended by [illegible] testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-President, Ex-President and Ex-Vice-President of the Medical Association of Canada, the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-President of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c.,&c. These recommendations ought to be sufficient to prove their qualities, but if further proof is needed, call on

J. W. SAUNDERS
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.

Opposite Post Office. HUNTINGDON, QUE



Will Cure

Sick Headache

Constipation, Dyspepsia, Distress after Eating, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Pain in the Side, Coated Tongue, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Sallow Skin, and all disorders caused by a bilious state of the system.

They do this *without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels*, and there is no pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. It is no longer necessary to scour one's insides out with the old fashioned purgative pills, and they are fast giving way to the gentle action of this mild and pleasant remedy.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike all other pills, and are a marvel to all who use them. They [illegible] small, strictly vegetable, and as the dose is only one or two pills, the[illegible] readily taken by young or old without a thought of the presence of [illegible]ine. If you try them you will certainly be pleased. In vials at 25 [illegible]ch or 5 for \$1.00. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail.

CARTER M[illegible] CO, New York City.

A sheet of [illegible] handsome Advertising [illegible] sent on rece[illegible]

THE SUN
Life Assurance Company
OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

THOMAS WORKMAN, Esq., President.
R. MACAULAY, Esq., Managing Director
G. WILKINS, Esq., M.D., Medical Officer

Assets, \$1,300,000.
Surplus to Policyholders, \$525,000.

ASSURE IN THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
WHY? BECAUSE

1. The SUN is a Home Company, investing all its funds in Canada, and has thus a special claim on Canadian Assurers.

2.—It is a strong and progressive Company with large and well invested assets.

3. Its rates are low and its profits to Policy-holders large and equitably divided.

4. The SUN alone issues an absolutely Unconditional Life Policy. Great care is taken in the selection of risks, but when a Policy is once issued, the money is paid on simple proof of the death of the Assured, no matter how, or when, or where. The only condition is the payment of premium.

5. The SUN has not one contested or disputed claim on its books.

J. C. BRUCE, Agent,
42y *HUNTINGDON*

Electricity?
Electricity?

Electricity is all very well in the telegraph and telephone, but in a bar of Soap (the so called Electric Soaps) we incline to the opinion it will be found as useful as the proverbial electricity to be had by scratching a cat's back.

USE DARLING'S DIPLOMA SOAP for easy washing, away ahead of all other soaps.

DARLING & BRADY, Mfr's.,
Montreal.

George L. Jordan, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE at JORDAN BROTHERS' Store, BURKE, N. Y. All calls by day or night promptly attended to. Telephone connections. 5-tf

Bargains!
Bargains!

Just Received

Cases of

COTTONADE,
GINGHAMS,
PRINTS,
COTTONS,
HOSIERY &
WALLPAPER,

Bought from jobbers at immense reductions to close out Spring and Summer Stocks.

Now is your time to get bargains.

Highest prices paid for Wool, Eggs, Oats, Barley, Peas and Beans

AT

McCAFFREY'S

TROUT RIVER LINES.
July 19th, 1886.

"SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN"

Established 1846.

The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication, furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, \$3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO, Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N. Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents.

Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

The ADVOCATE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made as required by law. Remember that the publisher must be notified when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVOCATE.

HUNTINGDON, OCTOBER 21, 1886.

THE defeat of Hon. L. O. Taillon, Attorney-General, in Montreal East, is regrettable. He was one of the ablest members of the late Assembly, and as a member of the Government contributed in no small degree by his ability to the success which has admittedly attended their administration of the affairs of the Province.

AN exchange says

"The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Burlington, N. J., has raised $50, and offers it as a premium to the saloon keeper who will exhibit the best specimen of the confirmed drunkard at the coming county fair at Mt. Holly."

In the name of Christianity! From all such "christian temperance" women, good lord, deliver us.

DR. CAMERON's majority of 78 out of 1784 accepted ballots is sufficiently narrow to show that gentleman that he must mind his Ps and Qs in future if he wishes to retain his seat in the legislature. This is the sixth time he has been elected to that position by this County. He defeated John J. Maclaren in 1874 by 376 votes; Andrew Oliver in 1875 by 256 votes, and since then has been three times elected by acclamation. That a gentleman comparatively a stranger to one-half the electors should run him so closely as did Mr. Saunders is proof that his record in the legislature is not altogether satisfactory, and that however popular he may have been in the past, whether deservedly or not, the tide has turned against him.

THE official returns for this County, as published in another column, give Dr. Cameron a majority of 78. Rumors of a contestation in the courts have been in circulation during the past week, but they are unfounded so far as we can learn, and there is not much probability of any action being taken to upset the election. From all reports gross carelessness characterized the management of affairs at some of the polling places. In Elgin particularly was this the case. Apart from the neglect (accidental, we presume) of the returning officer to sign the commission of his deputy for that poll, which caused the opening of the poll to be delayed till one o'clock or later, we are credibly informed that a number of persons remained in the polling room continuously during polling hours and no attempt was made to keep them out, while persons were allowed to go into the ante-room with a voter while marking his ballot. The same occurred, we understand, at the Athelstan poll, where also the deputy returning officer is said to have twice opened the ballot box during polling hours. The officer probably was not aware that in doing so, he laid himself open to a heavy penalty, nor do we think fraud was intended; but the proceeding was a dangerous one, to say the least.

THE result of the elections throughout the Province on Thursday last have now been ascertained beyond doubt, and shows that the Government's position is next to a defeat. Outside of those who have pronounced themselves for or against either party, there have been elected six members who are styled "Independents." Of these four are Nationalists with strong Conservative leanings, and in a pinch may be counted for the Government. These are: Messrs. Beauchamp, Two Mountains; Trudel, Champlain; Bourbonnais, Soulanges; and Larochelle, Dorchester. The other two are Turcotte of Three Rivers and Dr. Cameron, both of whom may be counted for the present Opposition. Turcotte has been a supporter of the Liberal party since 1879, and Dr. Cameron avows he quarrelled with his party only on the Riel question, without which he would have continued a follower of Mercier. This reckoning, gives the respective parties an equal number of seats, as shown by the following list:—

	C	L
Argenteuil, Owens	1	
Bagot, Pilon		1
Beauce, Blanchet	1	
Beauharnois, Bisson		1
Bellechasse, Fancher	1	
Berthier, Sylvestre		1
Bonaventure, Martin	1	
Brome, Lynch	1	
Chambly, Rosaleau		1
Champlain, Trudel	1	
Charlevoix, Morin		1
Chateauguay, Robidoux		1
Chicoutimi and Saguenay		
Compton, McIntosh	1	
Dorchester, Larochelle	1	
Drummond & Arthabaska Girouard		1
Gaspe, Flynn	1	
Hochelaga, Villeneuve	1	
Huntingdon, Cameron		1
Iberville, Demers		1
Jacques Cartier, Boyer		1
Joliette, Duzinet		1
Kamouraska, Gagnon		1
Laprairie, Charlebois	1	
L'Assomption, Forest		1
Laval, Leblanc	1	
Levis, Lemieux		1
L'Islet, Morcotte	1	
Lotbiniere, Laliberte		1
Maskinonge, Caron	1	
Megantic, Johnston	1	
Missisquoi, Spencer	1	
Montcalm, Richard	1	
Montmagny, Bernatchez		1
Montmorency, Desjardins	1	
Montreal Centre, McShane		1
Montreal East, David		1
Montreal West, Hall	1	
Napierville, Lafontaine		1
Nicolet, Dorais	1	
Ottawa, Cormier	1	
Pontiac, Poupore	1	
Portneuf, Tessier		1
Quebec Centre, Rinfret		1
Quebec East, Shehyn		1
Quebec West, Murphy		1
Quebec county, Casgrain	1	
Richelieu, Cardin		1
Richmond and Wolfe, Picard	1	
Rimouski, Martin		1
Rouville, Lareau		1
Shefford, Brassard		1
Sherbrooke, Robertson	1	
Soulanges, Bourbonnais	1	
Stanstead, Baldwin	1	
St. Hyacinthe, Mercier		1
St. Johns, Marchand		1
St. Maurice, Duplessis	1	
Temiscouata, Deschenes	1	
Terrebonne, Nantel	1	
Three Rivers, Turcotte		1
Two Mountains, Beauchamp	1	
Vaudreuil, Lapointe	1	
Vercheres, Lussier		1
Yamaska, Gladu		1
	32	32

The election in Chicoutimi does does not occur till Nov. 10th, and will in all probability result in the return of a Conservative, thus giving the Government a majority of one. The success of the Mercier party is due to the "race and revenge" cry with which they conducted the electoral contest, and can in no way be considered a denunciation of the Government's policy.

On the 11th instant, an important case was heard before Hon. Judge Belanger at Ste. Martine. The son of the mayor of the parish, Cardinal, and a young farmer named Brault, contested the election of Messrs. Pierre Bergevin and J. Bouchard, elected school commissioners in July last. The contestants complained that the proceedings at the election in question were illegal and that persons not qualified were allowed to vote. The defendants claimed that even supposing all the formalities of the law had not been observed at the election, no injustice had been done to anyone, because after the close of the poll the electors present, to the number of 100 or more, decided to go over the list of those who had voted and to strike off the names and votes of all not qualified. The Secretary-Treasurer produced his books and the revision was proceeded with, the result being that the present defendants had a majority of five votes, and the chairman declared them elected, and everyone seemed satisfied and all separated good friends. Cardinal, one of the contestants, was present and did not protest against the action taken, on the contrary the revision was made at his request. A large number of witnesses were heard on both sides, and the matter was taken en delibere.—*Progres.*

LOCAL & DISTRICT.

The fall term of the Court of Queen's Bench for this district has been postponed till the 2nd of November.

Mr. Robert Tyre, customs officer, Indian agent and postmaster at St. Regis, died at his home there yesterday. He had been ailing for some time.

Dr. Cameron has telegraphed to Mr. Mercier that he will support him in all measures concerning simply the administration of the Province.—*Le Nouvelliste.*

Duncan McIntyre, Newfoundout, while returning from the St. Anicet ploughing match on Tuesday, was thrown from his waggon and had his shoulder dislocated.

Mr. Luc Lalonde, of St. Stanislas de Kostka, died on the 8th instant, at the age of 90 years. He was the father of 15 children, and had 95 grandchildren, 104 great grandchildren, and 4 great-great-grandchildren.

During the storm of last Thursday night, the sailing ship Iris was wrecked on Lake St. Louis while running before the gale under bare poles. The crew were saved after hard efforts on the part of the villagers of Valois.

A special term of the Superior Court for this District will be held from the 15th to the 30th of November. The case of Rose vs. Sullivan will not be heard at this session, it having been continued till December 23rd.

John Sullivan, who has been wandering about the county the past summer, was taken to Longue Pointe Asylum on Monday, by order of the County Council. Dr. Cameron signed the necessary medical report after examination.

At the meeting of the Teachers' Institute at Montreal on Saturday, Huntingdon was chosen as the next place of meeting. Dr. Cameron was elected president, and Mr. James McGregor one of the vice-presidents. Mr. C. S. Holiday was elected a member of the council.

Another old settler has gone the way of all flesh. Mr. Michael Fee, of Elgin, died yesterday, after an illness of about ten days. He was an honorable, straightforward, upright man, charitable almost to a fault. He settled in Elgin more than half a century ago, and has continued in possession of the same property ever since till the day of his death.

The necessary petition has been prepared asking for a judicial recount of the ballots cast in the election in Beauharnois. A very large number of these were rejected, and some irregularities are alleged, the proof of which, however, would be within the province of the election court. Mr. Bergevin's friends think that the result of the judge's enumeration will be favorable to their candidate.

The annual ploughing match of the parish of St. Anicet was held on the farm of Duncan Currie on the 19th instant. There were only five competitors, three in the iron plough class and two in the wood plough class. The award of the judges was as follows: Iron ploughs—1 Michael Finn; 2 Duncan A. Currie; 3 Thos. Gaynor. Wooden ploughs—1 John D. Currie; 2 John H. Currie. The judges were Andrew Chambers and Malcolm McNaughton. At the conclusion of the match, the judges, competitors and visitors were entertained to dinner by Mr. Currie.

The official returns for the County of Huntingdon in the recent election are as follows:—

	Cameron	Saunders	rej.
Hemmingford Village	11	23	
" Tp. No. 1.	23	40	1
" No. 2.	16	59	4
" No. 3.	12	07	2
Havelock No. 1	14	63	1
" No. 2	24	64	4
Franklin No. 1	17	69	1
" No. 2	31	44	
Hinchinbrooke No 1	111	45	
" No. 2	95	14	3
" No. 3	58	9	2
Elgin	82	14	5
Huntingdon	00	52	
Godmanchester No. 1	62	16	
" No. 2	60	7	1
" No. 3	30	34	3
St. Anicet No. 1	56	40	2
" No. 2	41	26	
" No. 3	41	62	1
Dundee	48	66	1
	931	853	31
	853		

Majority for Cameron 78

After the returns were all in from the various polling places on Thursday night, Dr. Cameron's friends formed a procession and, head by the band, paraded through the village, the Doctor being carried in a chair by a couple of stalwart friends. Arrived at his residence the member elect addressed his followers, thanking them for the support they had given him in the contest, and referring sarcastically to the supporters of his opponent, with an incomprehensible allusion to "devils," "tailors," "parsons," and other sinful people, not omitting "the ADVOCATE's dark horse" (which, however, was not in the race at all.)

BIRTHS.

TOLMIE—At the "Beaver," Westville Lines, the wife of John Tolmie, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

SWAN—McGIBBON—At Huntingdon 20th Oct., 1886, by the Rev. James Watson, assisted by the Rev. J. B. Muir, Ellen Christian, daughter of Mr. James McGregor, Inspector of Schools, to James Swan, farmer, Cote des Neiges, district of Montreal.

HINGSTON—BELMONT—At Huntingdon, on the 18th Oct., by the Rev. James Watson, Joseph Albert Hingston, to Adele, daughter of Charles F. Belmont, Athelstan.

PLATT—ROWE—At Franklin Centre, P.Q., on Oct. 8th, by Rev. N. P. Yates, Thomas Platt to Florence Elizabeth, daughter of Hiram Rowe, both of Franklin.

DREW—ROWE—At Franklin Centre, P.Q., on Oct. 6th, by Rev. N. P. Yates, Albert Victor Drew of Hemmingford, to Eva Melissa, daughter of Hiram Rowe of Franklin.

HOWSON—ROWE—At St. George's Church, Clarenceville, on the 18th Oct., by the Venerable Archdeacon Evans, M.A., Henry Howson, of Montreal, to Lillie, youngest daughter of Lt. Col. Rowe, of Clarenceville.

DEATHS.

TYRE—At the Custom House, St. Regis, on the 20th inst., Robert Tyre, Sub-Collector, Indian Agent and Post Master, aged 74 years and 2 months. A native of Largs, Scotland.

FEE—In Elgin, on the 20th Oct., Michael Fee, aged 76 years. A native of County Monagh, Ireland.

TENDERS FOR WOOD.

TENDERS for wood for the different factories of the Allan Grove Cheese Combination will be received until 12th Nov. next. Applicants will please state quality and prices and the number of factories they will supply. Address McFARLANE & MACPHERSON. Huntingdon, Oct., 20th 1886. 41-1

ESTATE CYRILLE TURCOT.

THE undersigned, being about to proceed to take the inventory of said estate, hereby notify all persons indebted towards same estate to pay, without delay, to I. J. L. Deromo, Notary, of St. Chrysostome, P. Q., whatever they may be owing to said estate, likewise all persons having any claim against said estate are requested to fyle the same if not already done, with said Mr. Deromo, as soon as possible.

W. T. CANTWELL, Malone, N. Y.
I. J. L. DEROME, St. Chrysostome, P. Q.
Executors.
41-2

VALLEYFIELD **ROLLER MILLS**

Arrangements have been made with STR. BOHEMIAN, Capt. Baker, to carry **GRISTS** FROM **ST. ANICET & PORT LEWIS** to the above mills and return for **SIX CENTS PER BAG** both WHEAT & FEED. **McDonald & Robb** Oct. 6th, 1886. 41-2

WALL PAPER.

YOU CAN BUY **WALL PAPER** *Cheaper from* **Wm. E. Potter, MONTREAL,** Than you can from any other house in Canada.

LOOK AT THE PRICES!

Canadian Wall Paper, - - 4c per roll.
English Wall Paper, 22 in. wide, 5c per roll
American Wall Paper, 6 to 15c, worth 15 to 25c per roll.
Beautiful Gilt Paper, 20 and 25c, same as other stores sell at 50 and 75c.

BORDERS! BORDERS! AT *Less than Half Price.*

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS **1375, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.** Only 50 yds. from the C. P. R. Depot. Samples sent free by mail to any address in Canada. "Samples can be seen at Mr. J. D. Bicknell's Huntingdon, where any orders which may be left will have immediate attention." 48

FOUND,

In Huntingdon, a small sum of money. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this advertisement. Apply at MUIR'S HOTEL.

FIRE PROOF ROOFING.

The Victoria Roofing Paint Co., of Cornwall, Ont., are prepared to undertake the covering of roofs in this district with their Fire Proof Paint, which was exhibited on the fair grounds so successfully. Reference may be had to several parties in and about Huntingdon who have had their roofs done. Orders may be left at this office.

Tenders Wanted

THE Municipality of Hinchinbrooke asks for tenders for the following material and work. One hundred and eighty toise cobble stone to be delivered along the road from Athelstan to Huntingdon as indicated in specifications.
Also tenders for stoning and gravelling certain sections of the road leading from Herdman to Huntingdon.
Also tenders for stoning and gravelling a portion of the road leading from Anderson's Corners to Dewittville.
Specifications of material, and work to be done on the Athelstan road, and the road from Herdman to Huntingdon, can be seen at the office of Boyd & Co., Huntingdon, and at J. Cameron & Co., Athelstan; and that for the Dewittville road at James Anderson's store, Anderson's Corners.
Tenders will be received up to Monday, Nov. 1st, at noon, to be addressed to Arthur Herdman, Secy.-Treas., Herdman, Que.
The council do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.
Oct. 13th, 1886.

Shingles for Sale.

The undersigned is prepared to supply superior Pine Shingles, 18 inches long, at prices that defy competition. MALCOLM STALKER, Port Lewis. 39-4*

GRAIN! GRAIN!

The undersigned will pay the highest market price for all kinds of Grain on and after Monday the 11th inst. McHUGH & CAMERON. Huntingdon, Oct. 6th, 39-4

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the estate of the late James Fortune will please call and settle on or before Nov. 1st 1886, as after that date all accounts will be handed to an attorney for collection. MRS. JAMES FORTUNE. Huntingdon, October 5th 1886, 39-4

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

MUIR'S HOTEL, situated in the thriving Village of Huntingdon, P. Q., this house being first-class in all its appointments, presents a favorable opportunity for any person wishing to go into business, personal inspection of premises solicited, the proprietor having a forty years experience, wishes to retire. None but principals dealt with. For further particulars apply to M. H. MUIR. Huntingdon, October 6th, 1886. 39tf

GRAIN NOTICE.

On and after Monday 11th Oct., we will pay the highest market prices for Oats, Peas and Barley. 39-4 HENRY & McCALLUM.

FARM TO RENT.

The undersigned offers to rent his farm, consisting of 200 acres for a term of years. Also offers, by private sale, his entire stock of horses and colts, comprising 2 brood mares, one supposed to be with foal to his own horse, the other to Bell's Black Warrior, 1 7 year-old mare, 1 6 year-old mare, 3 4 year-olds, 2 3 year-olds, 2 year olds, 2 sucking colts. Also his stock of milch cows of about 25 head. Time will be given to good parties. PETER BRADY. Helena P.O., Que. 30

BOOK-KEEPING.

Either double or single entry, by an experienced accountant. Books balanced. Profit and loss accounts drawn out. Lessons given, for 40c an hour. Address: "B. A.," ADVOCATE Office.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE!

GOODS in the dry goods line have for some time been falling in prices but lately they have taken a rise. Fortunately for our customers we bought early and are now showing an extensive and unusually attractive Fall Stock, consisting of Dress Goods in the leading lines from 10c per yard up, with large Clasps Buttons and Trimming to match; Ladies' Mantle and Ulster Cloths with Beaded Ornaments and Trimmings to match; Velvets, Satins, and Silks in Plain, Striped and Brocades; Plain and Braided Jerseys, Ladies' Mantles, Ulsters and Ulsterettes, Men's and Boys' Readymade Suits and Overcoats; also, Suits made to order; Gents Furnishings, Flannels, Boots and Shoes, Stone and Chinaware, Cutlery, Choicest teas, Floor Oilcloth, Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Wool Shawls, Table and Piano Covers, Hats, &c.

ALEX. McNAUGHTON & BRO. Huntingdon, Aug. 30th, 1886.

HER PATTERN HAT.

BY RICHARD HAGGERTY.

"I have a smiling face," she said,
And merry words for all I meet,
[illegible] a new hat on my head,
[illegible] Isn't it just sweet?
[illegible] may I be gay," she said.

"For 'tis a pattern hat," she said,
[illegible] none like it you'll see.
[illegible] shade is called 'sun-rise red,
[illegible] too, to me.
[illegible] a pretty shape," she said.

[illegible] Mrs. C.," she said,
[illegible] one like it last week.
[illegible] she told me so she did,
[illegible] will cut the [illegible]
[illegible] prove her words," she said

"A [illegible] peau without peer," she said,
[illegible] know Matilda Deno,
[illegible] she saw it on my head
She almost turned green,
But that's not hard for her," she said.

"And some, perhaps, may think," she said
"This is all vanity.
I wear it not because," she said,
"It suits me to a [illegible]
'Tis just to show [illegible] hat," she said.

San Francisco's Cat-Meat Man.

The meth[illegible] is that some people employ to make a living are peculiar. For instance, there is a man in this city who makes a [illegible] by [illegible] cats with their [illegible]. Almost every [illegible] store down town [illegible] cats, who are necessary for the protection of the premises from the depredations of rats. These cats [illegible] are fed by the porters or office boys who [illegible] neglected them, and as a [illegible] the advent of the cat-man, as he is called, was hailed with delight. Every morning, soon after the stores are opened, a pale-faced, middle-aged little Austrian may be seen wandering around California, Front, and adjacent streets, carrying with him a large can of milk and a basket of meat. All of the principal places are on the list. He is so quiet in his work that his presence is noticed by few others than his feline patrons, who always greet him with every evidence of recognition and pleasure. He speaks a few words to the cats to quiet their outburst of welcome, then fills a saucer full of milk, leaves a little meat close by, and proceeds to the next customer. He is paid twenty-five cents a week for feeding each cat, and should there be a litter of kittens the tax is ten cents additional. The cat-man is sharp. At times the cats will stray from their old lodgings and seek more congenial quarters. When the purveyor comes around in the morning and notices the absence of his customer he immediately starts on a still hunt for her, and the wanderer is generally found and returned to her proper home. However, if the cat cannot be found, another is soon substituted, and in this way his list of customers is not lessened. The cat-man uses about ten gallons of milk and fifty pounds of meat each day, and has an assistant to help him. Several dogs are also provided with meat.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Judgment of Eyes.

"What do you consider the most beautiful eyes?" was asked.

"Well, they're very scarce," said the old gentleman, letting his eyes wander over the half dozen faces before him. "Not one here has got the ideal eye. It's a perfect violet or a velvet brown, as soft and gentle as a doe's. Violet eyes are very rare. I don't mean deep blue eyes, but genuine purple eyes. Babies have them sometimes, but I've seen only one or two women with them, and never a man. They denote too perfect a character for that—gentleness, intelligence, devotion, and boundless faith. These virtues aren't often found in one person.

"Brown eyes? Yes, they are plentiful, and physically, perhaps, the most beautiful eyes in the world. I think they come next to violet eyes when they are light enough to read feeling in them. Dark brown eyes are too deep. They seldom mirror the heart feelings, but are fine to look at."

"Grey eyes are the most common in the world; so what in general do they characterize in the opinion of the eyeologist?" asked a youth with a pair of blue-grey orbs.

"Well, there are a hundred of different kinds of grey eyes, you know," said the old gentleman. "Yours are one kind and mine another. People haven't become advanced enough to have more than four or five colors to apply to eyes; so any that not blue, or black, or brown, or hazel, are called grey. You seldom see a real stupid person with grey eyes; but the genuine grey—that is always found among highly intellectual people. Steel-grey eyes with large pupils denote intense feeling; blue-grey eyes are general among people with kindly hearts. You never find a real mean spirit behind a pair of blue-grey eyes.

"I've made a study of real blue eyes," he continued. "They denote quickness of thought, and generally fine physical development, when they are large and bright. About nine-tenths of our engineers, railroad brakemen, lighthouse keepers, policemen, cadets, and army and navy officers, and many others selected for physical perfection, have blue eyes. Very few blue-eyed people are color blind or near sighted.

"Hazel eyes denote musical ability and grace of person. They are very pretty eyes, too; and then there are real green eyes. They are not so scarce as is generally supposed; but I haven't made a close study of them, or of yellow eyes either. I hear the latter are very fashionable, but I shouldn't imagine a yellow-eyed person would have a nice disposition."

After a further discussion about the value of eyeology the old scientist put on his gold-rimmed glasses over a pair of sharp grey eyes, and wandered out of the square, pausing to ascertain the color of the optics of every person who passed him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Faster than a Row Boat.

A Camden, N. J., man has invented and is having built an ocean tricycle. It will be made entirely of iron and steel, except a small platform where the operator will stand. The wheels will be eight feet in diameter, and will be worked by levers from the platform, which will be twenty-seven feet from the ground. The idea is to run this machine out to stranded vessels when they lie in water not over twenty feet deep. The inventor says three miles an hour can be made with the tricycle.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Item from the beach—a parasol often hides a pair o' spoons.

Practical jokes are like lung troubles, there is a pain in the jest.

Why doesn't the sea serpent tackle the Niagara rapids?

Barkeepers say they find by observing their customers that "a man may smile and smile and still be willing."

If they continue shooting the Niagara rapids somebody may get hurt, and it probably will not be the rapids, either.

At Coney Island—"Ah, Isaac, see how beautifully the waves rise and fall." "Now, Rebecca, don't talk shop."

"No news is good news," is an old, time-honored saying, but it won't do to practice it too often on the man who pays for his paper.

She—"Why, Henry, what is the matter?" He—"M' love, I—hic—lemon peel threw me down." She—"Lemon peel, yes; and what were the other ingredients?"

A man recently died in a Philadelphia restaurant while waiting for his breakfast. There are some of the slowest people in the world in Philadelphia.

"A successful operator," has kindly written a book telling us how to win in Wall street. Of course the writer knows the way, and wrote the book for amusement only.

Stranger—"Why was a monument erected to this man?"

Native—"probably because he hadn't any."

A barber now in New York has married a wife in every city he ever worked in. If this is a habit of all barbers, it may account by association for their facility in small talk.

"Shure, Michael, they only bees wan shmall sup o' th' porridge left. Will Oi give it ter the pig er th' childer?" "Lave the pig have it, Mary Ann, faith the kids 'll git th' bacint av ut, when he's kilt."

Gen. Newton worked for years at Hell Gate and Squire bossed the public works of New York city. Now General Newton will manage the public works and Squire will go to the other place.

A relenting father recently signified his desire for reconciliation with the family prodigal by the following curt telegram: "Mr. ——, Pueblo, Col.—The veal spread is ready when you are."

In Philadelphia. Miss Highsociety—"Would I be pleased to have you bring Mr. Van Kupper, of New York, to call? First tell me about his 'fam'ly.'" Mr. Montrose—"Oh! they were all well when he left."

A number of young men were guying a big Scotchman about his big feet when he silenced them by saying: "Ye can mak as muckle fun o' them as ye like, but there's room in baith o' them for yer brains."

Customer—"But ain't the trousers too long?"

Merchant—"Too long! Day is made to fit a man exackly your size. If your legs happen to be a trifle short you must quarrel with nature, not the tailor."

Early Manufacture of Glass.

The immediate inheritrix of the Roman art of glass-making was, doubtless, Venice; and although we cannot agree with those of her historians who assert that the birth of Venetian glass-making was contemporary with the foundation of the city, we have no hesitation in asserting that the manufacture was in active operation long before a single furnace was removed to the little island of Murano, in A.D. 1289. In order to prevent the art of glass-making from passing into other lands, the Council of Ten passed a law in the last degree tyrannical and vengeful. "If, in spite of the imprisonment of his relations," it says, referring to those of a workman who has carried his art into a foreign country, and refuses to return, "he should persist in remaining abroad, an emissary will be charged to kill him;" and cases are on record in which the threat was carried out to the letter. The chemists of Venice were as eager in the practical pursuit of their studies as her navigators were daring in the prosecution of their voyages. By the close of the thirteenth century the Venetians had recovered the lost arts of blowing false pearls and producing imitation gems; and, much to the enhancement of her wealth and her renown, she extended her trade in these articles, formed into rosaries and the like, to the utmost boundaries of the then known world. In spite, however, of the deadly jealousy with which the Venetian State guarded its monopoly, the secrets of the art gradually oozed out, and by the middle of the sixteenth century German glass-workers had acquired a reputation for decorating their drinking-glasses with enameled paintings, chiefly armorial bearings. The enameler's art, however, it must be remembered, was known ages before in the farthest East. "In China, India, Persia, and Asia Minor," says Jacquemart, "it goes back to the remotest antiquity." The Germans were followed by the Bohemians, who, early in the seventeenth century, had invented the process of engraving on glass. They often exercised their skill, moreover, on Venetian objects of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, things combining in one article, according to M. Sauzay, two industries separated by more than a century. Turning to our own country, "Glass-making in Britain," says Apsley Pellatt, "is supposed to be of very ancient date; and, if the opinion of Pennant be well founded, of a period prior to the Norman conquest. The art of manufacturing glass into such ornaments as beads and amulets was certainly known to the Danes, and glass vessels were made by the Anglo-Saxons." His authority for this last statement is the *Journal of the British Archæological Association.* The first English glass-houses, according to Pennant, for the manufacture of fine glass, were those of the Savoy and Crutched Friars, established about the middle of the sixteenth century. It appears, however, that the English manufacturers were for a considerable time much inferior to the Venetian; for in 1635, nearly a hundred years later, Sir Robert Mansell obtained a monopoly for importing the fine Venetian drinking-glasses. The art of making these vessels was not brought to perfection in this country till the reign of William III. Our glass manufacture has since made rapid progress, and the white crystal glass-works of England indisputably excel, at this moment, those of any other country. England is, Apsley Pellatt concludes, "pre-eminent for her refractive, colorless flint-glass for chandeliers and table articles; and the transparent metallic colors are of superior quality." With such materials, when artistic education becomes more extended, the English glass-makers will it is hoped, rival their Continental competitors in coloring, gilding, and elegant forms.—*Great Industries.*

LIGGET & HAMILTON,

Specially invite the ladies to inspect their stock of FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS. Fresh novelties received daily. Extraordinary bargains in DRESS GOODS.

1883 & 1885 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

New Fall and Winter Importations.

WILLIAM THIRD & Co. beg to announce that they are now receiving and opening out their new Fall and Winter importations which have been purchased prior to the recent advance in general merchandise, comprising

Cases of Shawls and Mantles of the newest designs
Cases of Ladies' Fancy Dress Goods, Winceys and Mantle Cloths.
Cases of Plain and Brocaded Velveteens in all the newest colors.
Cases of Black and Colored Cashmeres and Brocaded Lustres
Cases of Black Beaded Gimps and Fringes and Beaded Mantle Ornaments.
Cases of Black Velvet Ribbons, Fancy Dress Trimmings and Buttons
Cases of Ladies' Clouds, Fancy Knit Wool Shawls and Knit Wool Jackets and Vests.
Cases of Hoopskirts, Embroidering, Corsets, Belts and Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs.
Cases of Undershirts, Gloves, Mitts, Childrens Bibs, Ladies' and Children's Hoods.
Cases of Ladies' and Children's Hose, Infantees, &c.
Cases of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Real Lamb-skin Caps, Fancy Cloth and Scotch Caps.
Cases of Tweeds, Flannels, Men's Sashes,
Underpants, Undershirts, Fancy Brocaded Overshirts, Overalls, Fancy Cardigan Jackets, &c.
Cases of Ornamental China Tea Sets, Ornamental Bedroom Sets, Fish Jugs, Vases, Toilet Sets, Glass Sets, Moustache Cups, Saucers, Albums, Scrap Books, Fancy Leather Hand Bags, Purses, &c.
Cases of Motto and Picture Framed Mottoes, Scrap Pictures, Dolls, Toys, &c., &c.
Bales of Carpets, Oilcloths, Grey and White Blankets, &c.
Also an extensive Stock of Readymade Clothing of the latest London, Paris and New York Styles.
Also a Tremendous Stock of Boots and Shoes, together with an unusually large Stock of Choice Groceries, Hardware &c. &c., which will be sold at a small advance on cost, as our motto is small profits and quick returns.

WILLIAM THIRD & CO.

P.S.—Great Bargains w[illegible] given in Tapestry Carpets, Hall Floor Oilcloths, Shawls and Mantles, Readymade Clothing, and in Boots and Shoes of every description; also in Men's Rubber Coats, &c.
Huntingdon, 7th October, 1886. W. T. & Co.

ROSS BROS. & CO.,

8 & 10 GREY NUN STREET, MONTREAL.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CONTRACTORS' SUPPLIES.

While thanking their numerous friends and patrons for kind remembrances in the past, solicit a continuance, under the assurance that the same prompt and careful attention will be given in the future.

They also beg to advise having appointed MR. T. K. MILNE their representative in this district, and trust at his periodical visits to be favored with orders in their line guaranteeing that, quality being taken into account, prices will be found satisfactory.

All kinds of Job Printing neatly and promptly done at the ADVOCATE Office, at moderate prices. Give us a trial.

Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm containing 100 acres, all under cultivation. Good outbuildings and dwelling house. Good orchard. For further particulars apply to RICHARD B. RICE. Huntingdon, Aug. 17th, 1886. 32-tf

G. PREVOST POWERSCOURT

Has on hand a large stock of SHINGLES, at [illegible] per M.
HEMLOCK LUMBER, 12 ft., $8 per M.
do 14 to 20 ft., $10 per M
do 20 to 30 ft., $12 per M.
ALSO
Lumber and Wood of all kinds at reasonable prices. 18-yr

CAUTION. EACH PLUG OF THE **Myrtle Navy!** IS MARKED **T. & B.** IN BRONZE LETTERS. *NONE OTHER GENUINE.*

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING A book of 100 pages. The best book for an advertiser to consult, be he experienced or otherwise. It contains lists of newspapers and estimates of the cost of advertising. The advertiser who wants to spend one dollar, finds in it the information he requires, while for him who will invest one hundred thousand dollars in advertising, a scheme is indicated which will meet his every requirement, *or can be made to do so by slight changes easily arrived at by correspondence.* 149 editions have been issued. Sent, post-paid, to any address for 10 cents. Write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU, (10 Spruce St. Printing House Sq.), New York.

Fire AND Accident INSURANCE. J. C. BRUCE, *GENERAL AGENT,* ***Huntingdon.*** None but the best and most reliable Companies represented.

H. R. McCracken, AGENT FOR KARN ORGAN CO. SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO. *Reapers, Binders, Etc.*

NOTICE, Out of every five Sewing Machines sold one is a Singer!! Vote for the best man. *H. R. McCRACKEN* HUNTINGDON, QUE.

JAS. A. MILLAR PRINCE STREET, HUNTINGDON, QUE. MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGES & SLEIGHS. ALSO, All kinds of LIGHT and HEAVY WAGONS kept on hand and built to order at reasonable rates. Repairing promptly and neatly done. All work guaranteed. Huntingdon, Mar. 8th, 1884

Farm for Sale. In the 6th range of Hinchinbrooke, lot No. 10. ARTHUR FOSTER, SR. Proprietor. Hinchinbrooke, Sept. 20th, 1886. 37-4

THE TWO VILLAGES.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawks and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore,
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy and mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the village lies asleep,
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan and sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul [illegible] prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild
Whither [illegible] wife and child;
And [illegible] the answer fall—
"Patience! [illegible] shall hold you all."

Oddities of Wills.

Sim[illegible] it really is, lawyers have [illegible] in drawing their [illegible] Leonard [illegible] Edward Su[illegible] eminent chancery lawyer [illegible] with a number of [illegible] very elaborate [illegible] drawing wills, [illegible] an expe[illegible] of a court of [illegible] effect. The will of Lord Westbury, [illegible] drawn by himself, met with the same fate. I could give you many similar instances.

There have been devises to animals or for their benefit which have been held valid to cats, dogs, horses, and even parrots. Not unfrequently people have undertaken to show their spite and hatred, and sometimes their humor in wills.

The will of Lord Pembroke in the seventeenth century has several items of that kind. For instance: "I give nothing to my Lord Saye, and I do make him this legacy willingly, because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor. Item—I give up the ghost."

Lord Bacon had no property to leave, but he left a regularly executed will, in which he bequeathed his name and memory "to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and the next ages." Shakespeare left an elaborate will, which contains a clause that has puzzled the Shakespeareans not a little.

"I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture." Why did he only give Ann Hathaway his second best, and not his best bed? Nothing else did she get, and the will has sought in vain to know the reason why.

Lord Nelson left a will, drawn just before he went into the battle of Trafalgar, by which he bequeathed Lady Hamilton and her daughter to his king and country, but neither king nor country accepted the legacy, and they both came to want, Lady Hamilton dying in abject poverty.

Napoleon in his will left a handsome legacy to a wretch named Chatillon, who had attempted to assassinate Wellington.

The will of Rabelais has this clause: "I have no available property; I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor." His last words when dying were: "I go to see the great Perhaps." A famous French abbe had this pithy clause in his will: "To my steward I leave nothing, because he has been in my service for eighteen years."

It is not unusual for a man to leave all his property to his wife, with the proviso that if she marries again she is to have only what the law allows her. I have drawn a number of such wills. Governor Morris, the celebrated American statesman, did not treat his wife so. He had married very late in life Ann Randolph, a cousin of John, of Roanoke, a woman much younger than himself, and with whom he lived very happily. He bequeathed a very handsome income to her, and then provided that in case she married again the income should be doubled.

A soldier or a sailor is allowed to make a nuncupative will—that is, a will by word of mouth, by which personal estate may be disposed of, but you, being a civilian, must make yours in writing. It don't matter much what the writing is on—it may be on a slate, or a table top, or even a wall, though it is advisable it should be on paper or parchment. You may write it and sign your name in pencil if you like, but it is better to do it in ink.

You may write your will in Choctaw, if you happen to understand that language, or it may, as Hamlet says, "be writ in the choicest Italian," you may write in shorthand, or in abbreviations, or in cipher, so long as you leave the key behind you. Courts are not martinets as to the spelling, and if your orthography is not perfectly nitra, they will not mind it, if they can make it out. If you wish to drop into poetry, even that is permitted, as the following case of a valid will shows:

I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my loving sisters most dear,
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted to me.
And that none can prevent
This, my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law rackel,
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm, sign and seal
This, the true act and deed of Will Jackel.
—*Chicago Herald.*

"Good people are always to be found in stories," as Fogg remarked when he moved into a hotel flat.

Two friends meet in the street:

"My dear fellow, I have just left my landlord. You wouldn't believe it, but I had the hardest work in the world to make him accept a little money."

"Well! that is an unlikely story. I should call it highly improbable. But why?"

"Why? Because he wanted a good deal!"

TALK OF THE DAY.

High and dry—the mermaid with an empty flask.

No matter what the water mill may do the hand organ man will continue to grind the music that is past.

They say a piece of zinc on the coals will clean a stove pipe. This is probably cheaper than having it blocked while you wait.

One of the hardest things in life for a man is to believe that a man older than himself understands anything, but he gets there some day.

There is a thrilling, magnetic, how-are-you-old-fellowness in the grasp the political candidate gives your hand when you meet him nowadays.

It is said that Cain got his wife in the land of Nod, but no one can answer the question as to where she came from. It is a Nod affair altogether.

"Mamma," exclaimed three and a half year old Walter, earnestly, as he came running in at the back door, "now I know what the sky is: it's the roof to all over."

"I should like to box your ears," said the Chicago girl to an audacious Detroiter, and then added, reflectively, "if I could find a box big enough."

Some men wid'n't much in dair heads make a pow'ful noise wid dair mouths. De [illegible] empty'in' itself, but the [illegible] runs wid little racket.

[illegible] stepped on [illegible] that [illegible] having [illegible] beautiful [illegible] as you possess a [illegible]

[illegible] hotel [illegible] house; [illegible] porter [illegible] what [illegible] at 12. [illegible] you lift [illegible]

The New Y[illegible] editorial [illegible] what [illegible] the cow.

A Chicago [illegible] has invented a self winding watch, and Puck says that the Waterbury Watch Company would buy him out. Naturally. It would put a Waterbury watch if it was compelled to wind itself up.

Reports for the West state that rye has advanced. This does not disturb much the market, for every one knows that the laws of trade will readjust the matter, and that when rye goes up it is quite sure to go down soon after.

Geronimo is not pronounced Gee-ronimo, but Heeronimo, says a morning editor. Good gracious, what's he giving us? Who the hay and hicky steins of talk this heathen would get us out. By gosh, we won't have it. [illegible]

"Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish dealer.

"Throw them?" queried the dealer.

"Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife that I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman but I'm no liar."

The Grenadier Guards.

The Grenadier Guards were first raised in the year 1657, when the loyal English who shared King Charles' exile were formed into six regiments, the first of which was called the "Royal Regiment of Guards." The force was subsequently disbanded through the inability of the King to maintain it, but in the year of the Restoration, 1660, the "Royal Regiment of Guards" was re-enrolled and united with "King's Regiment of Guards," raised by Colonel Russell, an old loyalist officer, for the purpose of escorting the king to England. Thus the Grenadier (a title accorded to it after Waterloo) or 1st Regiment of Foot Guards has 221 years of existence, dating from 1660, when on its arrival in London it was brigaded with Monk's Coldstreamers (raised in 1650) the Scots Fusiliers, the three famous regiments having now been a brigade of Guards for the long period of 221 years. *Tria Juncta in Uno* is the motto of the Brigade of Guards, and for all practical purposes it is one regiment, though each corps has immortalized itself in its own way in every great battle where the honor of the country was at stake.

Lincoln's Proverbs.

An autograph letter that I would like to own was shown me a few days ago. "A. Lincoln" was boldly signed at the end of it, and this wisdom was there, paragraphed in this wise:

"Do not worry.
"Eat three square meals a day.
"Say your prayers.
"Think of your wife.
"Be courteous to your creditors.
"Keep your digestion good.
"Steer clear of the biliousness.
"Exercise.
"Go slow and go easy.
"Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."—*New York Times.*

Reviving the Old Master.

A venerable-looking old man applied for a pint of California brandy last week at a druggist's, in Providence, where prohibition prevails, stating that he wanted it to revive the color of a work of art. "Ah, that is for a mechanical purpose," said the clerk, "and here it is." The old man signed for the liquor according to the requirements of the law, and, paying for it, started toward the door. Before departing, however, he faced about, and with a droll expression on his countenance, said: "It is to revive one of the old masters." Too late the clerk realized that the old man regarded himself as an old master.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Way.

A story told of the German Emperor says that the private secretary is accustomed to read aloud to his august master from a great packet of journals which arrives every day. In order to make the reading as little burdensome as possible, a high court official marks with red ink the passages most interesting to the Emperor. One day the Emperor asked the meaning of the red strokes, and being informed, said with a hearty laugh: "Then, my dear fellow, let me beg you, for once, to read everything in this journal which has not a red line underneath."

If figures did not lie bank directors might know when a cashier is short.

THE WOMEN IN SLEEPERS.

BY KATE FIELD.

The man who invented them is a benefactor, of course, but a night passed in the best of "sleepers" is misery to nervous temperaments. The promiscuous herding of humanity is detrimental to self-respect. The absence of fresh air is an insult to the lungs. When the proud young porter puts on his white jacket and puts his passengers to bed, his first act is to carefully shut a double set of windows. Then, after arranging the lower berth, he makes up the other, whether it be taken or not, whether the travel be great or little. In the event of a minimum of passengers, it is useless to expostulate, because that proud young porter's orders are to prepare both beds. This rule necessitates the purchase of a whole section by such as do not love their neighbor as themselves, have no desire to be smothered to death, and are not willing to double up like a jack-knife in order to get to bed at all. Let us imagine a nervous woman about to take possession of her "section."

"Make the bed up with the head to the engine."

The proud young porter looks at the nervous woman as though he had discovered a new and curious animal. "All right," he slowly replies.

"And leave the window at the foot of the bed slightly open."

Evidently the nervous woman has taken leave of her senses. "I can't do it, madam," exclaimed the proud young porter. "It's agoin' the rules."

"If you can't do it I will," rejoins the nervous woman. "Did you ever have a death on this car?"

"No, lady."

"There will be one before morning if you don't open that further window."

"But the sparks will set fire to the bedclothes."

"Sparks are not in the habit of setting blankets on fire. Moreover, I only want a crack open, the width of this wad of paper."

The proud young porter grumbles, takes the wad, puts it in position, and then says, "Please don't ask others, because if you do, they'll all want their windows open."

The nervous woman is as silent as a tomb. If other human beings can exist without oxygen, she is sure to be congratulated, for in the present state of house and car building the right to breathe pure air is as systematically ignored as though it were a sin against the decalogue. The nervous woman disappears behind heavy curtains, fastens them down the middle and betakes herself to sleep? Perish the thought! One man, two women and three children occupy an adjoining section. The man snores and the baby cries. A stranger mistakes the nervous woman's section for his own and tries to open the curtains. The warning of a female voice causes him to desist. In attempting to scale the upper berth the nervous woman's opposite neighbor slips, sits down suddenly and unexpectedly on the edge of her section and nearly brings down the curtains in his efforts to regain his footing. These hostilities over, the car pursues its even tenor of rumble, the locomotive shrieks, the snorers snore in every known and unknown key, the baby cries, and the nervous woman heroically tries the "mind cure."

It is a lamentable failure. Her faith is not equal to the occasion, and she lies awake counting sheep jumping over a stone wall until dawn, when exhausted nature closes her eyes. She might gain a few hours' rest were not early rising a species of insanity on board of "sleepers." The men who have snored uninterruptedly for hours rises with the lark so refreshed by his night's unconscious serenade as to whistle as he puts on his boots and to talk loudly when at his ablutions.

The happy family of six in one section is astir early. The baby wouldn't be a baby did it not cry for its breakfast, and the older children would disgrace their years did they not gratify a praise-worthy desire for information by peering through the nervous woman's curtains, left flapping at both ends by the closing of the beds on each side; for, of course, as soon as passengers get up the proud young porter puts things to rights with a slam and a bang and a frantic application of feather duster. Revelling in his power, the dusky genius of the "sleeper" thrusts a sable hand between the curtains, after giving them a preliminary shake, and exclaims, "Lady, it's time to wake up!" Wake up, indeed! What piling of insult upon injury. As though the nervous woman had ever been asleep. There are still two hours before breakfast, and it isn't time to wake up, but of what use to protest? Fate "murdered sleep," and the nervous woman, more or less a temporary wreck, emerges from her misery, to wash her face in the "Ladies toilet room." The door is locked, and she wanders back, tooth brush in hand, to sit down among strangers while the proud young porter stows away her downy couch. The nervous woman waits, and waits, and waits. The door remains locked. She takes out her watch and times the one occupant of that wash-room, numbers of men meanwhile going to and from their own lavatory. At the end of half an hour the nervous woman appeals to the proud young porter, who wrings his hands in despair. "I dunno what's the matter with the women folks, but they 'est drive me wild of a mornin'. When they gets into that room they act jest as if they'd got to Heaven. They never wants to come out. The trink, lady, they prink. Lord knows what they do, for they don't look no better when they come out nor when they go in, but they just make me crazy, for the others want to wash themselves, and how can I go and bang the door and tell them to quit? This one has been in an hour, or my name isn't Jerry."

"This one" appears perfectly serene, as though she had not been guilty of unwarrantable selfishness. What has she been doing? Doing up her back hair and undoing her curl papers—a part of her toilet that should have been made in her berth. For utter disregard of other women's comfort, commend me to the average woman to be found in "sleepers." Many a time have I gone to a wayside breakfast with unwashed face, because of the supreme selfishness of my sex.—*New York Graphic.*

It Would Seem So.

Customer.—"Have you any arsenic?"
Druggist.—"No, sir, just out."
"Any strychnine?"
"Sold the last this morning."
"Have you Paris green?"
"None now, but I have some ordered."
"Well, what kind of poisons have you?"
"I haven't any just now. You see there was an ice-cream supper last night down here, and there is no call for anything more in that line."

A circular saw—The longest way round is the shortest way home.

WHY WE DIDN'T.

BY THE SECOND MATE.

In the spring of 1863, just after my return from a voyage to China and back in a British barque, I was loafing around Liverpool to wait for a berth when one William Savage, an old sailor mate of mine, ran across me one evening and offered to ship me in a steamer which had run the blockade into Charleston three times, and was about to attempt a fourth trip. She was a fair-sized side-wheeler called the Isle of Wight, and nearly finished her loading. She carried a crew of about twenty men, and Savage was kind enough to say that I should be second mate, and that the pay would be highest I ever received.

In a day or two I found that the steamer was loading with two or three field batteries, two large guns for cruisers, and an immense amount of other war material. When everything was aboard I heard it said that steamer and cargo were worth a full million dollars, and we were to touch at Nassau and take on 3,000 muskets, a lot of hospital stores, and some odds and ends badly wanted by the Confederacy. Our crew were a riff-raff set, with nothing of the sailor about them, while the Captain was a typical John Bull named Graham.

I heard it said that our venture was known to the American Minister, and that he promptly notified his government, but no cruiser would have any business with us until we left Nassau. We made that port in due season, everything working smoothly, and although we took in our additional cargo [illegible] of twenty-four hours the steamer delayed her sailing to the fifth day, on account of a Yankee man-of-war hovering on the coast in hopes to nab us. Meanwhile the crew had a jolly time among the taverns, and Savage and myself bore our full part. It was one evening when we were both the worse for liquor that he took me aside and began:

"William, I believe you to be a reliable man. You are poor, and I can put you in the way of handling a snug $20,000."

His language sobered me up and astonished me. He beat around the bush for a while, and then came to the point, which [illegible] as follows:

"[illegible] a steamer and cargo worth at least $1,000,000. What's to prevent us from seizing her, making a Yankee port, and coming in for the prize-money?"

"Why, the Captain and crew will prevent," I replied.

"The Captain may try to, but the crew are all right. I've sounded 'em to a man, and they'll stick by me."

"Wouldn't it be mutiny and piracy?"

"Exactly. If any of us are fools enough to return to England we must stand our chances. The Yankees will only be too glad to welcome us."

To my discredit, perhaps, I needed but little urging to join the conspiracy, and when we finally put to sea everything was ripe for the seizure. The pilot, who was a Southerner, was the only man beside the Captain not in the plot. Savage had sounded him a bit, but found him loyal to the core, and gave him up. It was arranged that the seizure should take place at midnight. At that hour the pilot was asleep in his berth, the captain dozing with his clothes on, and the steamer was running through a calm sea, with the stars shining overhead. As the moment arrived Savage and I went down to secure the captain, while two others went to take care of the pilot. The latter was the one who got the start of us. The men went down to find him just turning out, and though they threw themselves upon him, he knocked them right and left and got up stairs to the pilot house. There he was attacked by the two men at the wheel, but the row ended in his shooting one stone dead and banging the other out with a broken head. The racket raised by the pilot when first assaulted alarmed the captain, and he greeted us with a shower of bullets and forced us out of the cabin, Savage being shot in both the arm and leg.

Then began a high old time. Every man of us had a revolver and we divided off so as to keep the captain below and the pilot in his house. The engineers and firemen quit their posts to take a hand in, and in about an hour the steamer lay idle on the sea, having no longer any steam. We were now in for it and bound to have the craft. We could keep the captain below, but we [illegible] the pilot. I should say [illegible] bullets were fired into the pilot house between midnight and daylight, but none of them wounded him. In return he k[illegible] one man and wounded two. When [illegible] light came we were scattered about [illegible] over we could find cover, and we opened on him again. It became evident, however, after we had wasted a good [illegible] that the only way to get him out was to make a rush. Nobody wanted to lead one, as two or three men were certain to be killed. We had him penned in, but he had us rolling on the sea as helpless as a log.

It was about nine o'clock, and we had gone aft one by one for a bite to eat, when a Yankee blockader hove in sight. Unless when we first saw her she was only ten miles off. Less than an hour later she was alongside and we were all prisoners. We told our story, claiming, I believe, to have been incited to capture the craft by patriotic motives, but all the prize money which we got out of it was three months in jail apiece. Either the story didn't wash or the Yankee commander didn't want to whack up on his rich haul.

Don't Worry.

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and climbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope, nor resolution in it. It's just worry.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

ROBUST HEALTH

is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of Scrofulous and Mercurial impurities and the pollution of Contagious Diseases. It also neutralizes the poisons left by Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever, and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

WE have once more got settled in our brick block, and now have a complete stock in the FURNITURE LINE. Having bought our goods for ready "cash" we can sell at

Prices that are sure to take.

Our line of BEDROOM SUITES are the nicest we have ever had; and what is better still we can sell them at prices that give the best value we ever offered.

Just think of it, a nice HARDWOOD BEDROOM SUITE 7 pieces for $22.00.

Our PARLOR SUITES in Hair Cloth and Raw Silk we are offering at prices that are

SPLENDID VALUE.

Drop in and see our line of CENTRE TABLES, in Hardwood and Walnut, the nicest line ever shown in Huntingdon.

Our HARDWOOD BEDSTEADS at $5.00 & $5.50 are as good value as can be got in Montreal.

Also a nice line of WINDOW POLES, just the thing to trim the windows in your parlor with.

A full stock of everything in the furniture line, at prices that must be appreciated when known.

To those intending to furnish "New houses or old" we would just say, drop in and see our stock, and I think we can suit you both as regards quality and prices.

A. G. HENDERSON.
CENTRAL BLOCK.
Huntingdon, Dec. 16th, 1885. 19yr

THE SEASON IS PASSING!
DON'T FAIL TO VISIT
THE CHATEAUGAY CHASM!
AND SEE ONE OF NATURE'S GREATEST WONDERS.
Only 12 miles' drive from Huntingdon.
First-class hotel in connection. A most attractive summer resort. Liberal terms to permanent guests.
R. A. JACKSON,
Manager.
P. O. Address,—Chateaugay, N. Y. 34

SOME SHORT SERMONS.

BY BROTHER GARDNER.

[illegible] Amibad Cantilever, it am reported that you am about to take unto yerself a wife. Dat de report am true your actions am proof. You has bin [illegible] second-hand stoves, squintin' at bedroom sweets, an' rustlin' around bric-a-brac. Marriage am [illegible] you need be ashamed of, an' I reckon [illegible] depend au dis club to warm up [illegible] for you an' leave behind some [illegible] cheers an' a few articles of [illegible]

[illegible] Cantilever, marriage am lottery [illegible] sure thing—just as you make it. [illegible] get stuck on sight—fall in luv wid [illegible] her small feet, taperin' waist, [illegible] chin or warblin' mouf, an' marry [illegible] and at about twelve weeks notis, [illegible] be astonished if dar am a dynamite explosion afore you hev bin hitched [illegible]. Small feet an' a good temper [illegible] go together. Slim waiste an' [illegible] economy may not work in de same harness. De gal who charms you by de way she drums de pianner may flatly refuse, as a wife, to run dem same fingers over de wash bo'd. Firstly, doan' git married until you know what yan are bein' married to. Study de gal. Let de feet go an' watch her temper. Let de bangs go an' watch her economy. Nebber you mind about de woy she dimples her chin, but ax yerself if she'll make de bed with de foot lower dan de head. You has got to do all de studyin'. Not one gal out of a thousand ever stops to size up a luver. If his Grecian nose or curly ha'r or droopin' moustache strikes her fancy she'll neber stop to study his natur' nor to worry ober his habits. She is marryin' dat nose, or head or mustache. A month arter marriage, when he pulls her aroun' by de ha'r an' slaps her dimpled jaw she's perfectly astonished to think she's made sich a mistake.

Secondly, Brudder Cantilever, arter de knot has bin tied make up yer mind dat de future won't be all plain sailin'. You are gwine to be tried an' tested an' trubbled, an' you hev got to call up all yer manhood. You will hav de oassor scrapin' de bottom of de flour bar'l when you haven't got a cent in yer pocket. De woodpile will run out in January, an' de sugar an' will bacon will seem to be car'ied off by de rats. If yer wife am eber so good natured she will hev her trials an' tribulashuns, an' dar may be times when she'll riz up an' claw fur you. In de y'ars gone by my old woman has rushed upon me wid de rollin' pin, an' I has retorted in a way to make her ears ache, but all de time I knowed she was savin' an' good-hearted, an' she knowed I'd empty my pockets of de las' shillin' to buy her a new set of false frizzes. If you am suited to each odder an occasional row in de fam'ly will prove a stickin'-plaster, to hold you de closser together. If you ain't suited—if you diskiver dat you hev struck a patch of Canada thistles an' can't set still, an' if de udder party diskivers dat she has taken a tumble off de [illegible] of Romance an' brought up wid a thud in de mud-hole of Reality, you jist absquatulate apart. Go quietly an' [illegible] an' git unhitched by divorce, an' [illegible] de wisdom gained by experience stan' at yer right hand when yo make another choice. Brudder Cantilever, my feelin's an' de feelin's of dis club am wid yo, an' our good wishes, together wid at least 32 worth of tinware, kin be counted on whenever de fatal occasion arroves.

Women who Eat Arsenic.

"Just take a good look at this woman coming toward us and tell me what you think of her," was the low-toned remark of a well-known physician.

The woman to whom he referred was elegantly dressed in a polka dot silk walking costume, and her plump, well-developed figure was displayed with a true fashionable precision.

"So you didn't see anything queer about her, eh?" asked the physician. "Well, I'll tell you what I saw. First, that woman's eyelids, particularly the lower ones, were puffy and full, presenting the same appearance that ensues when one indulges in a good fit of crying. That complexion which you admired was really and truly of an alabaster whiteness, but the delicate pink was produced by paint and the dead white by arsenic."

"Arsenic! How do you know she takes arsenic?"

"Because two years ago she came to me, a thin, almost gaunt woman, and asked me for a prescription for her complexion, which was in a terrible condition. You see she had been using face powders and paints in her stage 'make-up,' and they had finally brought on skin disease. Well, an arsenical solution is the constituent part of any prescription for the complexion. I gave her such a prescription, but warned her that she must use it in small doses, and after three months she must gradually increase the intervals between doses until they finally ceased at the end of the four months. She promised to obey me, but she didn't. Just as soon as she found that the arsenic was improving her complexion I know what followed as if I were there to see it. She commenced to increase the doses, in accordance with the popular fallacy that if a little is good more must be better."

"Well, if arsenic produces all those pleasant results, why shouldn't she use it?"

"Because," replied the physician with savage emphasis, "the good results are only temporary, and she will soon become a physical wreck. Before she gets back to town from 'the road' next spring she will commence to notice, while combing her hair, that it is dropping out very freely. I have written to her, warning her that this and other symptoms will soon develop. She don't believe me now, but just as soon as the hair falling commences she will know I am speaking the truth. She will stop her arsenic doses in a panic, and in two weeks she will be the worst looking object that ever wore female clothing. The cutting off of the arsenic supply will precipitate the very trouble she will hope to avert. Her cheeks will sink in, her finger nails will commence to crack and split, and before a week her complexion will be gone. Out of sheer desperation she will resume her arsenic and will be temporarily benefited. She will have the worst symptoms of arsenical poisoning before next summer is over, and will be so hideously ugly that she will have to retire from the stage, whether she wants to or not."

"What are the final results of the disease?"

"Palpitation of the heart, a deadly oppression in breathing, itching eyes, stiffness of the joints and terrible emaciation. In this condition the slightest cold will bring on galloping consumption and death. Yet I know that arsenic eating is on the increase."—*New York Star.*

STORIES OF WONDERFUL CLOCKS.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

Many years ago two clocks of great ingenuity and elegant workmanship were made in London and presented to the Emperor of China by the East India Company, a wealthy organization engaged in commerce. Each clock was made in the form of a chariot, in which was placed the figure of a lady leaning her right hand upon a part of the chariot; and under it was the clock of curious workmanship. It was smaller than a silver twenty-five cent piece, would repeat and strike the hours and would go for eight days. Upon the finger of the lady sits a bird, finely modeled, set with diamonds and rubies, with its tiny wings extended in a flying posture. By touching a diamond button the bird would actually flutter for a time. The body of the bird, although it contained a part of the wheels that gave motion to the clock, was not more than one sixteenth of an inch in size. The lady held in her left hand a gold tube, not much thicker than a large pin, on the top of which was a small round box to which was fixed a circular movement set with diamonds and not much larger than a ten-cent piece. Over the lady's head was, supported by a small fluted pillar, a double umbrella. The pillar was no larger than a quill. Under the largest umbrella a bell was fixed at a considerable distance from the clock with which it seemed to have no connection; but in reality communication was secretly conveyed to a hammer that regularly struck the hour, and repeating the same at pleasure by the touching of a diamond button fixed to the clock below. At the feet of the lady was a gold dog, and before it, from the point of the chariot, was two birds fixed on spiral winds, the wings and feathers of which were set with jewels of various colors, and appeared as if flying away with the chariot. From another secret motion the chariot was made to turn in a straight, circular, or indeed in any direction. Above the umbrella were flowers and ornaments of precious stones, and it terminated with a flying dragon, ornamented in a similar manner. The whole clock was made of gold, most delicately executed and embellished with rubies and pearls.

A wonderful piece of mechanism known as the Clepsydra, or water clock, was once upon a time presented by a Turk of high rank to Charlemagne. In the dials of the clock were twelve doors opening at the hours which they represented, and little balls equaling the hours in number appeared and struck the time upon a brazen bell. The doors continued open until noon, when twelve knights, mounted on horseback, issued forth, one from each door, and after parading around the dial of the clock shut themselves in again.

In the tower of the Town House in the City of Heidelberg, Germany, there existed many years ago a clock so constructed that when the hours struck the figure of an old man pulled off his hat, a cock crowed and clapped his wings, and bands of soldiers appeared and fought with each other. This curious piece of workmanship was burned in the year 1693, together with the castle and town.

In olden times there was a remarkable clock in the cathedral at London. Every hour two horsemen came out of the clock to encounter each other, a door flew open disclosing the Virgin Mary on a throne, with Christ in her arms, people were gathered around presenting gifts, and two trumpeters are sounding their horns. This clock also showed the month, day of the month and all of the festivals and holidays of the year.

In the Village of Pittenween in Scotland, about fifty years ago, there was made and exhibited by Mr. Smith, a clock and watchmaker of that place, an automatical clock which, from the description given of it at that time, appears to have equaled anything of the kind ever produced. It comprehended a very striking illustration of the musical and religious character of the people of Scotland. The case, which was of the finest mahogany, was seven feet high, with fluted columns upon each side. The upper part of the clock was ornamented with carving, fret work and gilding, with a golden bird having its wings extended standing in the centre. The case contained a large eight-day musical clock, with three dial plates and a chime of sixteen bells. The whole clock was divided into five different parts, each of which had its own particular weight. The first was the going part; the second kept a small musical band in motion. The band played a favorite tune over once before striking the hour. The third part struck the hour; the fourth moved a large musical band, containing eight celebrated Scotch tunes, one of which played every three hours, with great exactness. The front dial plate or face, which was about eighteen inches in diameter, had an arch which showed the hours, minutes and seconds, with the name and date of the month, without variation during the entire year, even on the 28th of February. The clock turned out all the odd days in one night and brought out the 1st of March on the following morning. In the plate there were also two small hands, one of which discovered the day of the week. When Sunday came there appeared the words: "Remember Sunday," and at 12 o'clock the music stopped playing until 12 o'clock on Sunday night. The music then began again and continued until the next Saturday night. On the right hand was another dial plate eight inches wide, with an arch. It contained a hand that pointed to the name of the tune the clock played. The dial plate on the left was of the same size as the one on the right. It represented the front of a house with a door in the middle. At each side of the door stood a sentinel, with his arms, in the livery of the city guard of Edinburgh, painted on brass. In the inside of the centre of the door was seen the macer or clerk of the lords of the council, dressed in his robes with his mace in his right hand. As soon as the clock began to play he took off his hat with his right hand and walked past the door, followed by fifteen lords in procession. The figures were painted on thin brass and very much resembled life. All this was but a part of this wonderful eight-day clock.

Ahead of Projectiles.

German photographers have succeeded in photographing a projectile in the course of its flight, and some of these photographs show the head of condensed air which precedes every shot. It is said to be this "head" which prevents even skillful riflemen from hitting an empty egg shell when hung on a long thread. The air blows the shell out of the way of the bullet.—*Boston Traveller.*

Wild Pigeons Exterminated.

The wild pigeon is disappearing from North America, like the buffalo, before the march of civilization. A dealer, who has in years past bought and sold many thousands of these delicate birds, told a *Times* reporter that a wild pigeon could not be bought in the city yesterday.

The supply has been decreasing yearly during the past years, until now we get but a few barrels a year, which are received chiefly from the Indian Territory. It costs less to transport them from there than from the far Northwest, which is now the favorite nesting place for them. Chicago gets a small supply of the birds netted or shot in Minnesota and elsewhere in the North-West, the prices paid being usually $1.50 to $2 a dozen, and St. Louis and other Western cities get a few, for which about the same rates are paid. Lovers of this game in this city have nearly ceased to ask for wild pigeons in the market, having been so often disappointed in not finding the birds they seek. There is consequently no vigorous effort made by game dealers to procure them, the profits upon their sale being small.

Within the memory of many middle-aged persons hereabout, hundreds of thousands of these birds have been seen flying in great flocks over the large cities of the Atlantic States, appearing like black clouds against the sky. When these great flocks roosted in the woods their weight was so great as to break down the limbs of trees. It is while these flocks are roosting that the birds become the easy prey of the pigeon hunter, either by net, shotgun or in other ways. The professional pigeon hunter in the West, although his victims are easily killed, leads a rough life in hunting the birds, and is poorly remunerated for his labor and the hardships he is forced to undergo.

A large game dealer said that before the war and when the birds were plenty he had frequently sold as many as 1,000 dozen pigeons at retail in one day. They were then quite cheap and within the reach of poor people. The chief cause of the thinning out of wild pigeons is the destruction of forests in all parts of the country. The pigeons are thus deprived of nesting places, and of their favorite beechnuts and the food they got from the oak and other trees that were once so plenty near here.—*New York Times.*

Jerusalem.

We will take a walk. The city is not large, the walls not very long, suppose we take them on our left and see how long it takes to come back again. The way about the walls is first by the well made modern road that leads to Bethlehem—by the deep, dry moat and by the rim of Hinnom vale. Then by a donkey path it takes the left—now up, now down; now by the burying ground, and by old gates and older stones, skirting the Kedron vale, and then Gehennah's gulch; then by a narrow foot path past the garden patches, past old knotted, gnarled olive trees; past Bethany's mud houses clinging to the dreary, blistered walls and past the golden gate—skirting the valley of Jehosophat with his rock tomb and that of Absalom and Zachariah; past the St. Stephen gate that gives a view of sad Gethsemane and Olivet; then through among the Moslem graves and tombs where wailing women sit and mourn their dead; past the Damascus gate, in view of Jeremiah's cave where erst he sat so many recluse years and pondered o'er the past, and prophesied of future woes; then past more walls and heaps of rubbish, stones and aged olive trees that have seen the tears and heard the sighs of centuries, we come back to the modern homes and streets again, and on a modern pavement by a lot of modern traders' shops stand we by Jaffa gate again. Look at your watch. Not quite sixty minutes gone since we stood here before, yet we have compassed all these walls about—been clear around the present Jewish city, which now is twice as large as it was when the Saviour died on Calvary! Now are these walls two miles and a half about; then perhaps a fraction more than one—a city then upon a walled space—with Zion's hill, Moriah—with all its temples, houses, streets, about the size of six modern city blocks! Such was the magnitude of the great City of David, a mere speck upon this Judean mountain range; a barren place amid more barren places; city without sewerage, gas or aqueducts; city without streets where carriage wheels could roll—merely a hornet's nest hanging to a rock, an eagle's nest among the mountain crags—and yet, for so the sacred story runs, the only home on earth of Him who made the world and set the sun and stars above.—*Davenport Democrat.*

The Human Family.

The human family living to-day on earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals, not less; probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted there are now approximately about 800,000,000, densely crowded; on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points over populated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three: the remaining 700,000,000, intermediate, brown and tawny. Of the race 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 are semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race, 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 250,000,000 have nothing that can be called a home, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is at the very least three-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Costly Tomb.

Taj, the famous tomb in India on the Agra, built 200 years ago by Shah Jehan, in honor of his favorite wife, cost, says Hugh Wilkinson in "Sunny Lands and Seas," £3,000,000, and took 20,000 men seventeen years to complete. This is equal to 340,000 men in one year, and assuming that the material cost half the money, it appears that the workmen earned on the average, less than £4 10s a year. "Slaves," you say? Perhaps, but their "keep" must have cost more than that. Guess the boy exaggerated.

A Pretty Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and, not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures

Hereditary Baldness.

GEORGE MAYEN, *Flatonia, Texas*, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is *not a dye*, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is

Turning Gray.

MRS. CATHERINE DEAMER, *Point of Rocks, Md.*, had her hair suddenly blanched by fright, during the late civil war. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.

Scalp Diseases

Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It cured HERBERT BOYD, *Minneapolis, Minn.*, of intolerable Itching of the Scalp; J. N. CARTER, JR., *Occoquan, Va.*, of Scald Head; MRS. D. V. S. LOVELACE, *Lee-Jacerville, Ky.*, of Tetter Sores; MISS BESSIE H. BEDLOE, *Burlington, Vt.*, of Scalp Disease and Dandruff. Torpidity of the roots of the hair, which, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As

A Toilet Luxury

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has no equal. It is colorless, cleanly, delightfully perfumed, and has the effect of making the hair soft, pliant, and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

CENTRAL MARBLE WORKS,
HUNTINGDON.
BRUNET & CO. Proprietors.
Importers and Dealers in all kinds of MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS GRAVESTONES, TABLETS, ETC.
AGENTS FOR
Kinney's "Patent Tubular Fountain Enclosure for Cemetery Lots, Double or Single Graves, Monuments &c.
Special Bargains to the above.
By strict attention to business, and punctuality in the execution of all orders intrusted to us, we hope to receive a share of public patronage. *Prices as low* as good workmanship and first-class material will warrant. Call and examine our extensive stock before purchasing. *Satisfaction Guaranteed.*

WOOL! WOOL!

THE undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he is prepared to take wool for
CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c.,
Work done promptly and guaranteed.
Always on hand a good assortment of Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, Sheeting, Bed Blankets, Horse Blankets and All Wool Check Druggets, of my own make and made expressly for durability, from ten to twenty per cent lower than ever before.
J. B. ROBERT.
22tf Beauharnois.

Peter Brady,
HELENA.
AGENT FOR THE
HEINTZMAN PIANO,
—THE CELEBRATED—
DOHERTY ORGAN,
—AND THE—
NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE.
Intending purchasers would find it to their advantage to get my prices before purchasing elsewhere.

NOTICE!

C. W. HYDE, of Trout River Lines, begs to announce that he has moved his stock of *Drugs, Medicines, &c.,* to the next door *South* of his former premises, where he will add to his business a stock of general goods such as
Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Boots & Shoes,
In fact everything kept in a first-class General Store.
All goods sold strictly for *Cash* or *Ready Pay.* The highest CASH price allowed for all kinds of Farmers' Produce.
25 PER CENT saved by buying from me for cash or ready pay.
Trout River Lines, May 4th, 1886. 17

NOTARIAL! The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he [illegible] in attendance in the office of R. HYNDMAN, Secretary-Treasurer, of the Municipal Council of the County of Huntingdon, in the COUNTY BUILDING in the Village of Huntingdon, every THURSDAY and remain while detained by business. In the event of any Thursday being a non-judicial day, he will attend on Friday.
I. I. CREVIER, N.P.

TELESPHORE PINSONNAULT,
STE. BARBE.
Begs to inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the hotel and business of George Peterkin, where he is now prepared to supply the best of Liquors and Cigars. First-class Table.
Ste. Barbe, July 8th, 1886. 28tf

E. FONTAINE, NOTARY PUBLIC
Ormstown, representing the "Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien" (Loan Society) for the Parish of St. Malachi and the County of Huntingdon (except Hemmingford) will be in attendance at his office, every day to receive applications for the borrowing of money, except Thursdays, when he will attend at the Central Hotel, Huntingdon, for all general purposes. Great advantages to borrowers.
Mr. Fontaine also represents the Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co.
Ormstown, Oct. 22nd, 1885. 42-yr

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

A. CHALMERS
Begs to inform the public that having removed to his spacious store formerly occupied by R. Shanks,
ONE DOOR WEST OF THE OLD STAND,
he is prepared to supply the public with
CHOICE GROCERIES,
which he offers at prices as low as the lowest.
CONFECTIONERY
manufactured on the premises as usual.
SMALL WARES AND FANCY GOODS
in abundance.
A large quantity of the best
FLOUR
in the market, at $2.50 per 100 lbs.
ALSO
ROLLED OATS,
Granulated and Ordinary OATMEAL, &c.
GIVE HIM A CALL.
Huntingdon, June 16th.

[illegible]

TO RENT.
The subscriber offers for rent the Billiard Room in her new Hall for a term of years on reasonable terms. This room is new and is one of the finest in the province.
MRS. M. H. MOHR.
Huntingdon, Aug. 18th, 1886. 32tf

The New Store
THIS store is now open to the public with a large assortment of
Teas, Coffees, Spices and General Groceries,
and prepared to sell at the very lowest possible prices as the following will show:
Teas—in qualities to choose from, 18 to 60c
Coffees—[illegible]
(*all our Coffees are in the bean and will be ground to order.*)
Spices reduced
Granulated Sugar 7½c
Muskavado do 7c
Best Yellow do 6¾
Powdered or Pulverized Sugar 14c
Cooking Raisins 10c
Table do do 15c
Extra Layer do 22c
Currants 7c
Prunes 8c
Rice 4½
Sago 7c
Soap—Strachan's Gilt Edge 7¼
Montreal Laundry Beauty 7c
Codfish 5c
Full line of Canned Goods
Grand assortment of Toilet Soaps
Common Tumblers 4 for 10c
Family Pickles 20c
A well assorted stock of goods at similar reduced prices.
We make a specialty of Teas, Coffees and Spices and guarantee to sell at prices which will satisfy every customer.
A splendid line of Fishing Tackle at an extra reduced price on account of the advanced season.
This business will be carried on with more system than it was before and we will do our best to please.
Trade given for farm produce.
MONTGOMERY'S OLD STAND,
Cor. King and Boochette Sts.
Huntingdon.
Terms Strictly Cash.
A. R. MACDONALD,
Proprietor.
Huntingdon, June 23rd, 1886. 34